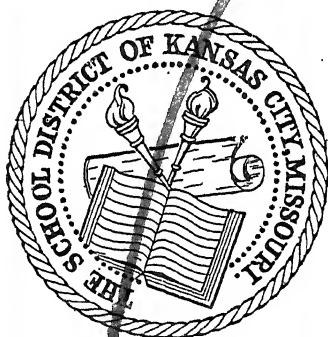


**ANTHOLOGY
OF NEWSPAPER VERSE
FOR 1927**

**By
FRANKLYN PIERRE DAVIS**

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ANTHOLOGY
OF
NEWSPAPER VERSE
FOR 1927
NINTH ANNUAL ISSUE

Edited by
FRANKLYN PIERRE DAVIS,

Enid, Oklahoma
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FRANK P. DAVIS

TO

ARTHUR GOODENOUGH,
CHARLES A. HEATH,
HENRY POLK LOWENSTEIN,
PHOEBE A. NAYLOR

*The faithful, who have been represented in
each issue of this work from the beginning.*

ANTHOLOGIES

Why read
Other books
While there are yet
Anthologies?

Why hunt?
Why tramp the woods,
Thru brambles and briars,
Long weary miles,
Up toilsome hills,
Thru pathless underbrushes
That scratch and sting,
The tangled, deep morass,
Or mountains climb
With legs that can no more,
For unsorted meat?
Better rely
On stockman,
Butchers,
Chefs,
And have the best assorted
Delicacies
Of all the land!

Why fish?
Why wade
Hip-deep
In heavy rubber boots,
Over slippery footing,
Or thru deep ooze,
To cast at possibilities?
Why sit
On a backless seat,
A plain hard board,
Pitcht and twitcht
With every wave,
In the hot sun
Pouring unmercifully
Down
From above,
And a more unpleasant one
Reflected
Up
At every angle
From the waters all around,

And all
Thru long and weary hours
Of small avail?
If such
Be sport,
Why, then
Sport
Is but a silly thing!
Give me
 the markets,
 and anthologies!
 and rest,
 and cushioned chairs,
 and exercise
 and air
 and sunshine
Got under conditions
Pleasanter than those!

I may be lazy;
Or
I may be wise;
I have not fully
Diagnosed my case.
But
I like anthologies,
 anthologies of books,
 of verse, and prose,
 of flowers,
 of foods;
 anthologies of pictures,
 and of things;
 anthologies of people;
Little anthologies of mer
Here on earth
While I am here.
And
I hope
When life
For me
Is done on earth
To join
A Great Anthology
 Of them
 Above.

C. P. T. Zwichel.

INTRODUCTION TO THE NINTH EDITION

There were fully as many newspaper poems published in 1927 as in the preceding year, but the number of themes was much less. This was due to the large number of Lindbergh poems, and to the many on the Yosemite valley and on daffodils. There is no mystery about the large number of poems about Lindbergh and the other aviators, and the many in praise of the Yosemite may be explained on the theory that the hundreds of tourists visiting the valley felt called upon to voice their sentiments for the benefit of the folks back home. Just why so many poets in widely separated sections of the country should sing of the Daffodil is not clear.

That newspaper poetry is a reliable barometer of the sentiment of our people was well illustrated by the bales of poems to Lindbergh. The largest number of poems on one subject in the last nine years were those to the aviator. The next largest number were those on the death of President Harding, in 1923.

After reading several hundred Lindbergh poems I was willing to agree with the *Indianapolis Star*, that "Charles Lindbergh's engine never lost a beat, but that is more than can be said of the poetry written about him," and the remark of the *Nashville Banner*, that "Colonel Lindbergh's flight demonstrated the progress of aviation admirably, and also proved what a terrible condition poetry is in."

The gleanings for this year contains verse from thirty-three States and one Territory. In the nine years that I have edited this work every state in the Union has been represented with the single exception of Nevada. I wonder if there are any poets in Nevada?

FRANKLYN PIERRE DAVIS.

A NORSE LAD

He watches the great ships swinging
Like birds on the tide's vast flow,
And out of the past swift winging
Come visions that grip and glow—
Fierce fights of forgotten rover,
Adventurous deeds and bold
Of ancestors who sailed over
Grim seas with some Viking old;

And stirred by an old, old longing,
An urge that dead ages fling,
He thrills to memories thronging
Of some long gone old sea king,
And dreams with a deep emotion
Of wonderful days to be
When he sails over the ocean
A thrall to its mystery.

The Albany Democrat-Herald.

Oscar H. Roesner.

WHAT IT HAS BROUGHT

Splatted by mud or choked by the dust,
Through blinding fog or haze,
We traveled a road in dread and doubt
In so-called "good old days."

Jammed in a crazy old wagon box,
The prey of wind and sun,
We clung to the seat and thanked our stars
When journey at last was done.

Over the rivers on ferries old
We crossed when stream was low;
But ferrymen oft in the freshet time
Announced, "Too high—can't go!"

So never we knew if we'd reach our goal
Though time and coin we spent
Our journeys were marred by troubles galore
And endless discontent.

Today over concrete and steel we glide
And know not dust or mud,
Quite certain our goal we will reach on time
Despite wind, rain or flood.

No longer we travel at mercy now
Of roads of other days,
For auto has brought us Home Boulevards
And National Highways.

The Albany Democrat-Herald.

Oscar H. Roesner.

REQUIEM FOR LOST AVIATORS

God, line with silver every wave that breaks
Tonight, above their far-flung resting place,
And fringe with amethyst of twilight's hour
Each whitecap drifting with a starlit grace;

God, let the music of the winds fall soft
As loving hands upon the sea tonight
The rising of the waves, their fall, and swerve,
Be soft as tender footsteps, let the light

Of silver stars drift like a candle's flame
From old cathedral altars, and the moon
Throw pale white moonbeams, like rose-petals, down
Where breezes in those ghostly spaces croon.

God, let them hear our prayers for them tonight,
Out there above the sea's eternal cry . . .
God, let them know the courage of their hearts
Has won for them a lasting Victory!

The Atlanta Constitution.

Daniel Whitehead Hicky.

THE ANCIENT SPIRIT

If in communion with another world
I have forgotten who my fathers were,
Have had my soul far from the Temple hurled,
And known all this without the least heart stir,
Pray, do not mock me for these many things,
Nor think that Israel yet has lost a son,
For in my heart the ancient spirit sings
Of Moses, David and of Solomon.

They are to me a memory on ways
Where I am but the sea-drift of my days;
They bring with them a glory and a sigh
That shows more in the soul than in the eye;
And thus it is, though I have wandered far,
I have but wandered where my fathers are.

The American Hebrew.

Emanuel Blum.

QUO VADO?

Now that the gates
Stand open and my feet are free,
Now that the sun illuminates
The way for me,
Now that the road lies clear,
Now that the wind's keen spear
Awakes the crouching soul,
What is my goal?

Midnight once cloaked
The road with shadows: I have brought
Invincible brightness, and evoked
A grimly taut
Finality of form . . .
The road was once a swarm
Of obstacles, but I
Have swept them by

Relentlessly
(And even you have had to move
Out of what once appeared to be
A lasting groove—
Oh, even you!) . . . And now,
Now that the harried brow
Is smooth of doubts that maim,
Whither my aim?

A distant light
Glimmers; the far horizon speaks
Of lands beyond; the soaring height
Of mountain peaks
Beckons: how can I know
Which is my harbor? Oh,
Where do my footsteps tend,
To what dark end?

The American Hebrew.

Emanuel Eisenberg.

THE MAD OUTLAW

I am the Flood—
'Mid far mountain-ways born
On an unforeseen morn
In the lair of the snow-mother's brood;
I was sired by the storms,
Swiftly nursed in the arms
Of the pitiless rains of my blood.

The mad outlaw—the flood—
I must go—I must flow,
Tho I crush as I grow—
Devastation's my Gargantuan mood.
In my turbulent path,
Seas I spawn when my wrath
Spends itself where your cities have stood.

Make way for the flood—
Make way, towns and meadows,
Make way!—for my mood knows
No walls which man-made, long have stood.
Unharnessed I pour
O'er the velvet green floor
Of your pastures, where cattle-clans stood.

I am the flood!
Ye will build but in vain
Walls to curb me again,
Ere the poison is purged from my blood,
Self-scourged I must go
Till my lover I know
I am mate of the great sea—the flood.

The Arkansas Gazette.

Lydia Comburst.

FLIGHT OF THE BLACKBIRDS

They are the young year's clicking castanets,
The riant pipe notes of the satyrs, and
The swirl and flutter of a sable scarf
Flung by a dancer in a saraband.

The reed will call the Romanies again,
Yet still they pause, before the lines flight free,
To band, if briefly, on the brow of Spring
A shining coronal of ebony.

The Arkansas Gazette.

C. T. Davis.

ROOSEVELT

(Born October 27, 1858)

ROOSEVELT!

Why stirs the heart at this man's name?
Why wakes the slumb'ring soul
When pond'ring o'er the wondrous game
And steadfast height of goal
Which our hero set and grimly played
Throughout his life on earth;
Of masterful deeds that he essayed
And to marvelous truths gave birth?

ROOSEVELT!

True hearts are stirred by this magic name,
Dull souls at its sound awake
For the world decrees that Roosevelt's fame
Time's truthful hand shall trace
In burning letters which grandly blend,
Showing this great American,
This statesman, soldier, scholar, friend,
Above all else a MAN!

The Athol Transcript.

Edwin Gordon Lawrence.

WENT FISHIN' ME AN' MA

Did you ever go a fishin' in the rain?
Not a little summer shower,
That lasted half an hour,
But a reg'lar gully washer
That hit you with a slosher
And made you feel like crawlin' up the drain.

Went a fishin' when the heavens cut 'er loose
In the fraction uv a twinkle
When it warn't no sprinkle
But a reg'lar ol' humdinger,
That made you hunt a ringer,
Feelin' tickled'er than Aunt Miranda's goose.

Yes sah! Went a fishin' down in Sugar Crick
Down at Bella Vista,
Twuz shuah some twista,
An' it made us hunt fur kiver
In the shelter uv a sliver
In the shadder uv the woods mighty quick.

Yet we kept on fishin' while it rained like sin,
 Stood waitin' for a nibble
When my bobber made a dribble
 An' you should never worry
I jerked 'im in a hurry
 Nothin' but a pesky craw-dad on the pin.

Yet we kept a fishin' in the rain, me an' ma,
 She caught the fish awaitin'
In the eddy fur the baitin'
 Made of dough an' battin' cotton,
An' it kept me fairly trottin'
 To string the fish we caught that day in Arkansaw.

Bella Vista Breezes.

Henry Coffin Fellow.

ON PARADE

I've attracted slight attention on the journeys I have made, but some day I'm going to travel at the head of the parade. And for once I'll not be crowded; there'll be room enough for three in the ample reservation made especially for me. It may be joyous springtime, when there's gladness everywhere and the fragrance of the roses is like incense in the air. It may be dreary autumn, when the winds sad dirges wail; it may be when storms are shrieking as they ride the wintry gale. Winter, summer, fall or springtime, scorching sun or cooling shade, to me there'll be no difference, when I'm leading the parade. Some people, when they meet me, will stand in mute salute, and others will go speeding while their honkers loudly toot. It really will not matter; I shall care but little, then, for the way in which I'm greeted by my former fellowmen. There may be tears and sorrow in some quiet little group and others will be smiling—it will matter not a whoop. Joys and sorrow, tears and laughter, all the things of which life's made to me will matter little, when I'm heading the parade. Some people may speak kindly of some little act of mine, and pause for half a minute just for sake of "auld lang syne." And others will speak harshly of mistakes that I have made; it will matter not to Georgie, at the head of the parade. Praise and censure, love and hatred, eulogy and harsh tirade will to me mean less than nothing, when I'm leading the parade. And when, next day, some other makes the trip I shall have made, people will have quite forgotten just who led the last parade.

The Blackwell Tribune.

George E. Wright.

FADING SKIES

Clouds come and go; the sun breaks through
And glorifies the passing day;
The heavens change from hue to hue;—
Forever fade and fade away.

I know the hopes of youth have gone,
Its rosy dawn has turned to gray;
The fairest skies men gaze upon,
Forever fade and fade away.

But look beyond; lift up your eyes!
For oh the light leads on for aye;
And I rejoice the golden skies
Forever fade and fade away.

The Boston Transcript.

Washington Van Dusen.

MY SQUIRREL FRIEND

A whirling form, now here, now there,
Unconscious of his charming way,
He frisks about with dapper air,
A lamb or kitten at his play.
And when he hears some noise, he'll stay
Just long enough to list with care,
Then up a tree and out of sight
He whirls, this busy, lively sprite.
The acrobat of his small world,
Head down, and bushy tail in air,
Or on his back so deftly twirled—
His clever ways my heart ensnare.
In velvet garment he is dressed,
And limpid pools are his bright eyes;
I love this nimble, happy elf,
So gentle, yet alert and wise,
Eager for some adventurous quest.
He makes each day a new delight,
And keeps my spirits gay and bright.

The Boston Transcript.

Elizabeth Voss.

CAVALCADE

Time, scores the music in the mad charade,
And every pulsing-pawn, moves into line;
Prenatal charged with undiluted wine,
We whirl like atoms in the big Parade.
We sometimes wonder why the Scheme was laid?
Yet, deeply feel its greatness, fierce and fine;
Then, smile and march, eyes wet with soothing brine,
Through glorious sunshine and unfathomed shade.

Throughout the march Hope whispers all is well.
And Faith sustains us with Her strength sublime;
Love laughs at all, though billions rose and fell—
Like echoes in the universal chime;
And, heaven bound or blindly bent for hell,
We vanish in the gaugeless palm of Time.

The Buffalo Express.

Mary Q. Laughlin.

SAINT PATRICK AND THE SHAMROCK

When the Saint returned to Ireland,
With his helpers, her to aid,
Druids looked with scornful anger
At the Saint so unafraid,
As he told men of the Godhead—
Three in one and one in Three.
Three in person, one in Godhead,
How could such a Being be?

Stood the high born Maiden Fedelm,
Daughter of the high king, she
With companions now before him
Questioning that mystery
Vainly Patrick tried to show them
But they could not understand.
As the fields were green with Shamrocks
One he took up in his hand.

Showed them how the trefoil Shamrock
Had three leaves upon one stem;
And their pagan eyes were opened
Till the truth was plain to them!
So his followers wore the shamrock
Reverencing the saint, who there
Traveled end to end of Ireland
Building churches everywhere.

The Buffalo Express.

Phoebe A. Naylor.

'TIS GOOD TO KNOW I'M IRISH

When I think of all the sunshine that waits me o'er the sea,
And when I hear the music o' an Irish melody,
'Tis then I heave my throbbin' breast, my heart's so light
an' gay,
I'm ready, lad, to twirl a stick, to dance an' sing an' play—
Oh, 'tis good to know I'm Irish.

When I think o' all the verdure, that surrounds my mountain home,
The undulatin' meadow land, the beach an' briny foam,
My poor ould heart's o'erflowin' with a wealth o' joy untold.
An' I would not sell my birthright for all Afric's store o' gold—
For 'tis proud I am I'm Irish.

When I feel the honest handclasp o' a friend from o'er the sea,
I'm loth to let the good hand go, for 'tis happiness to me,
To feel the blood pulsatin' thro' the fingers o' a hand,
That plucked the blessed shamrock, from my dear native land—
O, 'tis grand to know I'm Irish.

Yes, I love the very echoes o' the dear ould Irish hills;
I, in fancy, hear the thrushes, an' the blackbirds merry trills;
An' tho' we ne'er may meet again, my brave ould Granuaile,
My love for you's endurin', for I'm every inch a Gael—
An' forever I'll be Irish.

The Buffalo Express.

John S. Ormsby.

NONE MAY BOAST

The king on my right and the beggar on my left
Are men and brothers to me,
For all of us register an equal heft
In the scales of eternity.

The soul of the king and the beggarman, too,
And mine, if you want to compare,
Were born to humanity's critical view,
All weak and pitifully bare.

If one takes the form of a ruler of men,
Another of poverty's child,
Another the shape of a slave of the pen,
Can you pick out the undefiled?

For sin may corrupt the soul of the king,
And the soul of the beggar may be mean;
And the poet, tho' lofty the songs he sings,
May pamper a soul unclean.

The Burlingame Advance.

Senor Don Miguel.

MY BIRTHDAY

One feather has dropped from the wing of Time,
One arrow is gone from my quiver;
One pearl that I prized has been borne away
On the current of Life's broad river.
O, soberly gray are the skies today,
And the stars seem sterner and colder
For in spite of the blessings that crown my lot
I know I am one year older!

There has fallen a leaf from the Tree of Years
That was green at the year's beginning:
In the book of the Years has been turned a leaf
That was scarred with failure and sinning;
And each cold gust as it stirs the dust
Where forgotten roses molder
Bring home to my mind the thought unkind,—
I know I am one year older!

There has vanished a hope that was fair at first,
But dimmed as the year grew dimmer;
There has faded a star that was bright before
But has grown to a feeble glimmer:—
And the weight of the World seems Atlas-Wise
To rest on my weary shoulder
For strive as I will, I cannot disguise
The truth, I am one year older!

The Brattleboro Daily Reformer.

Arthur Goodenough.

IOWA

I think I'll go to Iowa,—at home once more in Iowa—
Where no one counts as civilized who turns back on the
road
That led us from our sodden past—Comanche, Sioux, or
Kiowa—
And gave us better couches than the muck that beds the
toad.

I think I'll go to Iowa and set a fireplace roaring.
I'll call in all the good old friends whose wit has kept
them sweet.
We'll have a little chuckling laugh for all the wild-bull
goring
Of nouveau-intellectuals stampeding down the street.

I think I'll go to Iowa, where life may still be gracious.
They've civil tongues to greet me there; their mothers'
great-granddames
Have left a kindly heritage of manner fine and spacious,
The pride of bearing and of birth that goes with stately
names.

I shall escape in Iowa the vapid ostentation
Of those who lounge with parasites, promiscuously gay.
The wanton and the woe-begone will weave no incantation
To torture me with passion or confound my soul with
clay.

I know I'll find in Iowa some hours of tranquil leisure,
Some moments caught from tumult for the mind to call
its own.

I shall not turn away from life in festering mammon-
seizure,
Or bend the knee obeisant on the steps before a throne.

I'll be myself in Iowa, secure from claque and clatter.
I shall not seek for freedom in a primitive recoil.
Somewhere, I know, my fellow man will always bang and
batter;
In Iowa he walks in peace, upon, not in, the soil.

The Cedar Rapids Gazette. *Lewis Worthington Smith.*

TO SLEEPING FIELD CREATURES IN AUTUMN

Hear mad winds above your head
There within your loam-locked burrow:
Woodland leaves have fallen dead—
Rows of sere weeds hide the furrow.

Grain which felt your wee teeth gnaw
Now is horded in my stable
Or has filled the grist mill's maw—
Autumn fruit has found my table.

While I stripped the brittle husks,
Lonesome but for hawk or rabbit,
I had thoughts of springtime dusks
For it is the fieldman's habit.

Planting time in mellow spring
Is the starting of a season
So to lose a seed-time thing
Always seems a form of treason.

In the starting of this span
When my hills have changed their features
It is fitting that a man
Think of tiny hillside creatures.

Creature diggers in the soil
Who were allies in his sowing
Now that he is done with toil
And the harvest days are going.

So I carve a lay to mice,
Moles and turtles wrapped in sleeping—
I shall guard this world of ice
Which they've trusted to my keeping.

The Cedar Rapids Gazette.

Jay G. Sigmund.

AN ANSWER

I told him, "See the beauty
Coming from the sod!"
He said, "It comes from farther—
Beauty comes from God."

The Christian Science Monitor.

Helen Emma Maring

DECLARATION FOR THE NEW YEAR

I have taken the vows of loveliness,
I have closed the gates on care!
And though my heart holds rosemary,
New laurel binds my hair.

The Chicago Daily News.

Adrienne.

WHITE DANCER

Are you real?
Or only a silver arrow,
A shaft of light?

You dance—and I am very still—
Your feet are swift, white birds;
Your petal-fingers spill
A music without words.

The Chicago Daily News.

Natalie Flohr.

RICHES

I think that a boy is a cute little tad
When walking along with a hold on his dad.
I never can tell whether most of the joy
Belongs to the dad or the most to the boy.

A man and a boy, or a boy and a man,
Since ever the coming of children began
Give freely a blessing this world never had
Till first a boy walked long beside of his dad.

Great kings with great armies to war have gone forth
And Croesus, claim they, had most of the earth,
But all were poor paupers whatever they won,
When standing against any man and his son.

Give me a small laddie beside a big pa,
With both all the better because of the ma;
No pleasure then ever can add to the joy
Unless a girl, too, is along with the boy.

The Chicago Evening Post.

Charles A. Heath.

THE EXILE

When cities wear their bravest cloth
Of spinning gold and jeweled lights,
Give me, O God, the time to love
The quietness of country nights;
I shall not care to feel the press
Of feet upon the dancing floor,
Oh, give me but a shadowed tree
And one blue star . . . I ask no more.

For I have lived too much alone
To want to share a young heart's ache,
I know the glitter of their moods—
The armor they too wisely make;
They have so very little time
To spend with love and beauty there,
Let me have only wind-swept hills . . .
I shall not care . . . I shall not care.

But, if I go with them the way
Their dancing feet make on the sky,
Give me the heart to understand
This code the young are living by;
And, when their eager feet at last
Have paused to rest . . . their songs all sung,
Give me, O God, the heart to wish
That they might be forever young!

The Chicago Tribune.

Donfarran.

THE MESA WIND BLOWS SOFT

The Mesa wind blows soft tonight,
The western stars bend low,
Self-shadowed in the firelight
Old dreams, old visions go . .

The mesa wind's a soft caress,
Cool fingers in my hair;
Soft whispers out of loneliness
That breath a lonely prayer . . .

O mesa wind go far to her
With kisses carried high,
And tell her mountain grasses stir
And 'wait her passing by;

Go tell her that the mesa trail
Lies yellow in the sun,
And clouds, like dreams, ride white and frail—
Lost longings, one by one.

The Chicago Tribune.

Colorado Pete.

TO ONE WHO GOES AWAY

FOR DENNIS KING

A cup for the young one,
The dark one who sang;
(The wine of old Paris
Has a sharp-sweet tang).
No one can ever tell
The things that *he* told . . .
(Did you mark his slim hands,
And his robes of gold?)

Some will say he acted
A part from the Past;
(Is a tree not lovely
When a ship's tall mast?)
Some will say, "I saw him—
A poet . . . and a king."
(And some . . . who love beauty
"Once I heard him sing . . .!")

A cup for the young one
Who leaves us this night;
(Our hearts may repeat it,
Only *words* are trite . . .)
Drink to the Vagabond,
(How the sharp wine sears . . .)
We shall remember him—
Many . . . many . . . years . . .

The Chicago Tribune.

Donfarran.

SHERIDAN'S ROAD

(October 19, 1864-1927.)

*The cars came down from Addison, the cars came up from
Surf—
But there were hoofs of frozen steel along the asphalt turf.
And I was drunk as any earl, and foolish as a bride
When, tearing at the giant block, I saw the statue ride!*

He turned the reins with ribboned hands, he whispered to
his horse—

"There's devil gin on Irving Park, there's graft upon the
Force!"

He drove his heel at brazen ribs, and saw the cinch was
tight . . .

"There's broken souls on Beacon street, and I must set them
right!"

Like vulcan blaze of gasoline, he rushed the traffic roar,
The heavy tail of bronze behind, the hissing nose before—
The Yellows balked like pigeons; I heard the drivers pray,
As Sheridan whirled north and sobbed, "Boys, face the
other way!"

"We're going back—we're going back—and see the sins
you've done.

I've faced the north for fifty months and tallied every
one!"

The drumming feet fled ogre-ish among the limousines—
"I ride the path of cardinals, I ride the path of queens!"

And gaping from a cab of ours, I felt his passing sting
Along the haunted boulevard, a fiend upon the wing.
But when I walked to Melrose in a sober, later morn,
He sat his block with solid knees against the saddle horn . .

*Oh, cars come down from Addison, and cars come up from
Surf,*

Their tires rubber music on the oily asphalt turf . . .

And I was drunk as any earl, and foolish as a bride

If ever in that evil night, I thought I saw him ride!

The Chicago Daily Tribune.

Mac Kinlay Kantor

WOOD

*He stood by the marble columns
With plenty of lesser gods,
When we stewed our ranks in a rabble
Of 'Tenshun and R't by Squads.
O God, we thought we were soldiers!
Nine hundred putty-faced kids
With blouses down to our ankles—
"R. O. T. C." on our lids . . .*

But each of us laughs in envy:
(We are old as a medal's gleam)
And each of us stands saluting,
For each of us had a dream. . . .

We saw a thicket a-smoulder
With pulse of forgotten guns,
And all of the blue and yellow
That flared on the Rougher Sons—
And all of the Dead halloo-ing
And all of the horses wild!
(One, he was aged as claymores;
One, he was only a child)!
But they muttered out of the marshes
With Teddy waving his hand
A bold, broad ghost on the gallop
Had ridden to take command!
All who thought they were soldiers
Deployed out into the sky:
Gentle, respectful angels
Watching the Riders go by.

And still the Riders go roaring
Down where the lizards crawl,
Strapped tight into their stirrups
Hearing the bugles bawl!

*It's long campaigns since we saw him.
(Nine hundred putty-faced kids
With blouses down to our ankles,
"R. O. T. C." on our lids . . .)
But he'll stand by the marble columns
Surrounded by lesser gods,
With four white stars on his shoulder—
When we pass in our brawling squads!*

The Chicago Tribune.

Mac Kinlay Kantor.

A BEECH

I wish that I might sleep beneath a tree,
Beneath a beech, whose widespread arms would droop
And fold me like a mother's dear embrace
That calms the beating of a wearied heart.

When autumn comes
Its golden leaves would deck my lowly bed;
Its soft grey bark would be my marking stone
In winter time.

And then, sometime, I, too, would come to be
A part of my great spreading beech,
And singing birds would nest within my arms,
And summer breezes kiss my soft, green cheeks;
I'd bare my breast to winter storms and gales,
And live forever until earth and tree
Both pass away.

The Cincinnati Times-Star.

Rebecca Riesner.

GOLF

You start out very bravely, as a bonny fair Scotch lassie,
Wielding mashie club and midiron, a driver and a brassie.
A golf outfit that's quite the stunt; a score card and a
caddy;
Beside you, with his head held high—your bonny highland
laddy.

You drive a ball, then scan the course with something of a
shiver.

For, sure enough it slices—drops into an infant river.
Scotch laddy groans: "A dollar ball; I just this minute
priced it!

"If you had held your driver straight, you never would
have sliced it!"

You sweetly smile. Oh, yes, you must! A most important
ruling;

It helps your game, Scotch laddy says, and keeps your
temper cooling.

The next you dub, and after hours of most disgusting
blotching,

You raise a swollen, sunburned face to find the pro, is
watching.

And if, perchance, you sink a putt as well as Jones, so be it,
Don't look to see if laddy's near, for he will never see it.
It's only balls in sand traps, and in bunkers that he follows,
He always sees the ones that put the tear drops in your
swallows.

A great old game, but if you think that soon you'll be its
master
By tighter grip, a firmer foot, or simply driving faster,
Dream sweet and long, for ten to one tomorrow you'll
awaken
To stride out on the links once more and learn that you're
mistaken!

The Cincinnati Times-Star.

Martha Rae Cordes.

I SHALL LIGHT CANDLES

I shall light candles at all of my windows,
Brave little candles that sputter and shine,
Stabbing the dark with their jewelled stilettos—
Never a house shall seem gayer than mine!

I shall turn on the mechanical music,
Choosing the merriest tunes that I know.
You who pass by will say, "What a grand party!
Hear the gay music and see the lights glow!"

But do not try to peek in at my windows,
Never attempt to push open my door—
I would not have you find me in the darkness,
Weeping, alone, huddled there on the floor!

The Cincinnati Times-Star.

B. Y. Williams.

LEITMOTIF

Again . . . and still again
You will return—
So slow the embers of your fire burn—
So long the thirst . . . so slight
Must be the slaking—
Now must I set my face against
The waking!

These few drawn notes,
That keep my pulses stirring
Forever and forevermore
Recurring,
Will cease at last
And you will leave me here
Raking the ashes of your fire
Dear!

The Cincinnati Times-Star.

Ann Greene.

LINDBERGH

So beautiful his deed, and brave,
It is heroic, great, and yet—
Today I saw a man war-blinded
Sell papers; I can not forget—

Another youth, another time,
Oh, not so very long ago,
That risked Its sight, Its skin, Its all,
To keep a reeking world from woe.

His deed is beautiful and brave;
It shall stand shining through the years
While those sleep in their unknown graves,
Lost even to their love's dear tears.

His, a reward beyond all dreams;
Theirs, but a passing line, strange grave;
His, splendor of a daring feat;
Theirs, honor and a world to save.

Is it not timely that his daring
Illumines one memorial day?
To turn men's memories, slackening,
To all youth proudly gave away?

The Cincinnati Times-Star.

George Elliston.

MY GOAL

I want to be a dear old-fashioned mother,
Just like the one who loved and cared for me,
Who guided and directed through my childhood
And made me all I am or hope to be.

I want to know just how to soothe a heartache
And comfort when the eyes are wet with tears;
Just how to lead unknowing little footsteps
In paths of right to follow through the years.

If I can be a dear old-fashioned mother
And fill the place that mine has filled for me,
Be worthy of the love of trusting children—
'Tis all I ask or ever long to be.

The Cincinnati Times-Star.

Ruth Markley Buchannan.

THE KEEPSAKE

My lover kissed me, ere he died,
And gave to me, with tender pride,
This sparkling trinket, tiny, frail,
It is to me my Holy Grail.

I seek it oftentimes by night;
My candle shows it glowing bright,
Here in its little velvet nest,
My treasure trove; so ends my quest.

I crave it not for shining gold,
Earth's depths a-plenty hold.
But when I clasp it in my hand
To pray, God and my lover,
Hear me, and understand.

The Cincinnati Times-Star.

Georgia D. Valentiner.

TWO GAMBLERS

Two gamblers engaged in a game of dice,
And both had the same equal start;
One knew he had won 'ere the game was begun
For he had an optimist's heart.

The other man, not as bold as the first,
Let a fear steal into his soul;
For he entertained loss when his turn to toss
And he anxiously watched each roll.

'Twas simply and fairly a game of chance,
Now this way then that it did tend,
If you gamble, too, you can bet your last sou
The optimist won in the end.

The Cincinnati Times-Star.

J. W. Whitehouse.

CHRISTMAS TREE

Fair dreamer with the brand of fire,
A little respite grant, I pray,
Before you toss me on the pyre
To burn my wasted form away;
Though I have felt the spoiler's knife
And to this rubbish heap have gone,
I was a thing of sentient life
And beautiful to look upon.

I breathed the balmy air of dawn;
I drank the sunshine rich and warm;
When clouds across the sky were drawn,
With joy I buffeted the storm,
Beside the somber, ancient wood,
I grew in grace and symmetry
Until a lad beside me stood
And marked me for a Christmas tree,

The autumn days grew short and cold;
The fields took on a russet hue;
The trees were tipped with red and gold;
The birds of passage southward flew;
Their chanting broke the solitude
As high they passed in pointed files;
The gusty north wind shook the wood
And scattered leaves along its aisles.

The clouds took on a darker gray,
But lighter grew the waste below,
For over hill and valley lay
A spotless coverlet of snow;
And as the flakes in silence fell
And gathered around me white and deep.
I yielded to their soothing spell
And sank into my winter sleep.

* * * *

Awake! Awake! called the violin,
The pianoforte and the saxophone;
Through my fibres there crept a tremulous thrill—
A thrill I never before had known.
Music and warmth and a wonderful light
That flashed from the tips of my bending boughs,
A rustle of garments, a colorful swirl
And the ecstasy of a blissful rouse.

In gorgeous spangles I stood arrayed,
On a flake-flecked carpet as white as the snow;
My arms were laden with precious gifts
While others were heaped on the carpet below;
Bright, happy faces around me beamed,
As a beautiful child tripped softly nigh,
In a gauzy garment of pink and white,
With the golden wings of a butterfly.

The Christmas presents all neatly bound
With cord and ribbon of red and green,
In the midst of laughter and shouts of joy
Were soon dispensed by the butterfly queen.
And music again with rapturous spell
Enchanted the vibrant and redolent air;
And strong were the notes from the manly lips
And soft from the lips of the ladies fair.

"Hurrah, hurrah for the Christmas Tide,
That brightens the years as they come and go,
For its portals of love that are opened wide,
For its holly wreath and its mistletoe.
Forgotten tonight are the cares of the past
And the shadows of cares that may never be;
For joy in its fulness is here at last;
Hurrah, hurrah for the Christmas Tree."

Then around they swung in a merry dance,
With gliding advance and furtive retreat,
While fair, lithe figures kept rhythmical time—
To the throbbing of music, the thrumping of feet,
Down, down to the depths of my dizzy soul
An exhilarant spell began to creep;
From the plaited folds of their winter caps.
Lo, my baby buds began to peep!

The music ceased and reluctantly
The dancers parted and glided away;
The lights went out, but soon in the East
Through the windows I saw the dawning of day.
And faces new to the mansion came
With greetings and gifts and rejoiced to see,
In its crown of glory and spangles bright,
The "wonderful," "beautiful" Christmas Tree.

The New Year's dawning had scarce passed by
When the ladies fair had ceased to call;
The spangles were stripped from my stiffening limbs
And the spines from my plumes began to fall.
A thirst was gnawing my tortured soul;
The cells of my fibers were hard and dry;
But severed from earth, I could drink no more,
And my baby buds began to die.

* * * *

But why delay the bitter truth—
The story of my pride and fall—
The transit from my vernal youth
To wreckage sad and skeletal,
Spurned by the feet of passers-by,
An outcast in the mire and rain,
Unworthy of a passing sigh
And dead alike to joy or pain?

Fair maiden, speed—I ask no more—
My flight aloft on fiery wings
To nature's mighty reservoir—
The goal of all material things.
Your hope serene I may not claim
Of joys supernal yet to be,
Mine be the pride, refined by flame,
That I was once a Christmas Tree.

(Copyright, 1927)

The Columbus Dispatch.

C. B. Galbreath.

FAITH

The raging storms that come and go
Across our daily path
Are but life's storms of grief and woe
Spilling their bitter wrath;
And all the while
Their shrewd beguile
Is testing out our faith.

Some day
The raging storms that blew
Across my soul, and tore
Asunder all my earthly joys
Shall rage for me
No more.

At evening I shall go to sleep
And waken at the dawn
To find life's storms, bitter and deep,
A quiet, silver calm
Across my lea
Eternally;
And every heart-ache gone.

The Columbus Evening Dispatch.

Tessa Sweazy Webb.

GOLDEN-GLOW

Last night we gathered golden-glow,
Beneath a golden moon,
And all the crickets down below,
Sang little golden tunes.

She laid her tiny hand in mine,
Then lifted rosy lips
Far sweeter than the sweetest wine,
That from a goblet drips.

And when I held her to my heart
She didn't blush or scold,
But at love's game she played her part;
She's only two years old!

And all the crickets down below
Sang little golden tunes;
Last night we gathered golden-glow
Beneath a golden moon.

The Columbus Dispatch.

Mildred Schanck.

THINGS OLDEN

Old houses, abandoned, forgotten,
Grown weird with the spell of old fears;
Old rafters, now heavy with secrets
Of sorrows and hopes, or of tears:
These weave a mystic attraction,
The wrecks of dead lives and spent years.

Old paths with their moss-covered flag-stone,
Old cities of peoples unknown;
Strange relics, queer pictures, odd writings
Of civilizations outgrown—
Whose heart thrills not at things ancient
Of times far removed from our own?

The Columbus Evening Dispatch.

Helen Smales.

PANSIES

Oh, poppies hurt, like strange desires;
Lilacs, like rosaries somehow seem;
Violets sleep forever; daisies laugh;
But pansies—pansies dream.

Oh, lilies are a tranquil peace,
And roses throb like Milton's stream;
Orchids have sudden mysteries;
But pansies—pansies dream.

The Columbus Dispatch.

Helen Myra Ross.

CLIPPER SHIPS

Ships are the nearest things to dreams that hands have ever
made,
For somewhere deep in their oaken hearts the soul of a song
is laid;
A soul that sings with the ship along through plunging
hills of blue,
And fills her canvas cups of white with winds that drive
her through.
For how could a nail and a piece of wood, tied with a
canvas thread,
Become a nymph on moon-washed paths if the soul of the
ship were fled?

Her bosom throbs as her lover's arms clasp her in fond
embrace,
And the joyous kiss of briny lips is fresh on her maiden
face.
No storm can smother the hempen song that wells in her
laughing throat—
Small wonder then that men go mad for the love of the
sea and a boat.
For the singing sheet is a siren that tugs at the hearts of
men,
And down to the sea they must go once more, tho they
never come back again.

The Commonweal.

Robert N. Rose.

AN OLD FACE

Many a wild, adventurous year
Wrote its splendid record here;
Stars of many an old romance
Shine in that ironic glance;
Many a hideous, vital day
Came and smote and passed away;
Now this face is ripe and glad,
Patient, sane—a little sad.

Friend to life, yet with no fear
Of the darkness drawing near;
These so gallant eyes must see
Dawn-light of eternity,
See the secret vision still
High on some supernal hill;
'Tis a daring hope I hold—
To look like this when I am old.

The Commonweal.

L. M. Montgomery.

BLUE GENTIAN

They lift their cups of rare blue-bonnet blue
Beside a stream that rambles evermore
Through the expanse of the wide prairie floor;
They touch their cups, each with its crystal dew,
And so they stand and rock the whole day through,
While the swift bee adds to his spicy store,
And the dark dove spells out sad prairie lore
Until in dusk the prairie sinks from view.

Sometimes a mocking bird comes sailing by
Upon a stream of many-colored song;
Sometimes a wolf, that moves with soundless
tread
Peers through the bush with watchful yellow eye;
Sometimes a rider, lean and dark and strong,
Drives past a file of cattle, white and red.

The Dallas News.

Berta Hart Nance.

GRISELDA

Griselda, you of the little hands,
With the wanton light in your eyes,
What do you care for the golden bands,
What do you know of surprise?

Whitest one of the moon-mad maids,
With a body lured for lust,
You sing a song for the half-afraids,
And you take the rest on trust!

Griselda, you of the dancing feet,
Your hold is old as the sun,
All-comers your crimson mouth will greet
Till the last poor fool is done!

The Davenport Times.

E. Leslie Spaulding.

BRIGHAM, THE PIONEER

Far from the scenes of death and strife
With slowly plodding oxen trains,
He sought for liberty and life,
Across the dreary, boundless plains,
Determined, brave, he looked not back,
On leaving loved ones, shed no tear;
But faced the west, all void of track,
Brigham, God's chosen pioneer.

His list'ning ear was tuned to hear
Almighty God's supreme command,
With heart of oak, unknown to fear,
He thus addressed his faithful band,
"In that strange new land lies our home,
We start at dawn what e'er betide,
And come what may, why let it come,
God is our strength, our life, our guide."

The way was long—their progress slow,
The wind-swept plains stretched miles and miles.
The winter came with ice and snow,
Still they gave thanks with songs and smiles,
Columbia sounded war's alarm,
Calling the sons she needed most;
His young men quickly shouldered arms
And marched with Kearny to the coast.

Then onward over deserts drear,
And mighty mountains wild and grand;
With steadfast faith and vision clear
He scanned the wondrous Promised Land.
And prayed, "Dear Lord, for Jesus' sake,
Renew our strength, grant us thy grace."
The answer came, "A lake! a lake!"
He breathed, "Thank God—This is the place."

Grave dangers lurked—a red-man foe
Joined hands with gaunt, grim poverty,
Wild beasts destroyed their herds and, lo!
Scant stores of dire necessities
Confronted them. Death took his toll,
And heavy seemed the chast'ning rod,
Unflinching still, the Church his goal,
He kept his covenant with God.

The desert bloomed as the rose,
The temple spires rose to the sun,
His children bless'd him at life's close,
His stupendous task, indeed well done.
His work for ages will proclaim
Him, patriarch, prophet, builder, seer,
Great Utah loves the honored name
Of her immortal pioneer!

The Deseret News.

Minnie Johnson Hardy.

THE GREAT ORGAN

Mild and sweet and tremulous cool and pure,
Came the great organ's roll,
A spiritual wind to cleanse the soul.

Then down it rumbled into solemn depths
And was wind no more.
It boomed like a song from the earth's heart,
A deep, soul-waking roar.
It seemed that every grain of soil
And cell of flesh were singing
At God's wide work, and I felt huge things
I had never felt before.

The Deseret News.

Carlton Culmsee.

THE ROAD THAT TAKES ME HOME

Across the hills, into the dawn
A winding ribbon steals
A ribbon that is swiftly drawn
Beneath the singing wheels.

Like lonely desert sentinels
The crooked yuccas rise
Beneath the friendly clustered stars
Of Arizona skies.

There are roads that lead to Mandalay
And roads that lead to Rome
But the road that steals my heart away
Is one that takes me home.

The Deseret News.

Edith Cherrington.

MY STAR

Oh see how lovely the heavens are
With the star dust blowing everywhere,
It falls on the face of my lady fair
And gleams in the waves of her wind blown hair.

I think I can see in the astral light
Where those tiny candles flame so bright,
The place where the fairest blossoms blow
'Neath the pure white light of the star beam glow.

I wonder if they are the ingle fires,
That kindle in us the high desires.
On each new born thought joyant to rise
'Til we reach the utmost gleam in the skies.

Somehow I feel that leading there
I tread each day on a hidden stair,
Should I turn my eyes on the scenes below
Those single gleames may cease to glow.

You are my star, my flaming star,
Pure as the crystal waters are
That flow in those deeps of heaven borne blue
And my upward flight but leads to you.

The Deseret News.

Myron E. Crandall.

THOUGHTS

It isn't so much the thoughts we think
As the thoughts we put into action
Which build our characters step by step
And bring the most satisfaction.

But there must be thought before an act
For the father of act is thought.
How essential then that our thoughts be good
If our lives with good deeds are fraught.

The Deseret News.

Hattie Critchlow Jensen.

BALLAD OF THE ANCIENT SKIER

Among the hills that round about
Our pleasant burg environ,
I met an elderly man, and stout,
By whom I stood enquirin'.
His neck was broke, his ears were bent,
His voice came like a bellow,
His feet were toward the firmament:—
"What cheer?" I asked the fellow.

The answer came in words of wrath:
"I saw a man, on skis, sir—
A picture—and would take the path
To be like one of these, sir.
Yes, I would brave the wintry wind
Upon the hillside sloping,
And leave my she-man friends behind
In chimney corners moping.

But man is man, and skies are boards,
And boards will travel faster;
Alas, the wind seemed made of swords,
My bones were made of plaster.
The flakes were cold, they filled my eye,
And cruelly did dim it.
I hit a stump, and then the sky—
Or Hell,—became the limit.

So that is why I quaintly stand
In this reversed position."
He gasped, "Pray take me by the hand
And call a good physician."
"You've learned, at least, poor man," said I.
Like the hobo in the story
I took his skis, his coat, his tie,
And let him go to Glory.

The Detroit News.

Elmer C. Adams.

HUNTER'S SONG

If I'm gonna be shot,
Then I wonna be got—
I wanna be shot for a bear!

I'm a hunter as tough as the best,
I'm a man with hair on my chest,
 I can eat raw meat and can yell to beat
The sons of the Wildest West.
I'm letting my whiskers grow,
And I bathe in the drifted snow,
 And so when I'm shot I want to be got
For a bear, and not for a doe.

Such killing would not be fair
To a he-man out on a tear.
 If I'm gonna be shot,
 Then I wanna be got—
I wanna be shot for a bear!

I'm none of your mincing girls
With powder and bob and curls,
 So how can I face the awful disgrace
Of being shot for a squirrel?
Call me elephant, lion or moose,
When turning your bullets loose!
 Let me never be known by words on a stone,
"He was shot in mistake for a goose."

To be shot for a doe or a hare
Makes even the mildest swear.
 If I'm going to pot,
 Then I wanna be got—
I wanna be shot for a bear!

The Detroit News.

Elmer C. Adams.

RENDEZVOUS

I will be meeting you some still October,
 Laughing along the windy, leaf-lapped trails,
Rounding a sudden curve to find you waiting
 Watching the moon fling out her silver veils.

We will be walking hand in hand together
 Over the quiet sapphires of the dew,
And you will go before I will remember
 There was a ghost who kept a rendezvous.

The Detroit News.

Helen Janet Miller.

AN EASTER PRAYER

O Lord,
On this Easter morning
When Spring is awake with joyous youth;
Take from me all trace of hate.
Leave me no unforgiving thought,
Renew within me
The joyousness of Spring.
Though I have knelt
And kissed the cross;
Let me this day arise
With the vision of love
A soul purified!

The Dothan Eagle.

Scottie McKenzie Frazier.

GREAT SOULS—

He who
Thinks beyond the bounds of all
Who have thought before;

He who
Takes the berries we trample under foot,
And presses out their juice;
Then with this color paints a picture,
Which we beholding feel,
Speaks to us of moments we have known
But could not tell;

He who
By speaking could change the thoughts of men,
For his own advantage
Keeps his silence;

He who
Hears the plaudits of the people
But is swayed only by the
Whisperings of his soul;

He who
Comes within the shadow of his cross
And stands alone!

The Dothan Eagle.

Scottie McKenzie Frazier.

AT ECHO OUT IN UTAH

At Echo out in Utah, there are little nooks and caverns;
There are little clefts and crevices where birds may build
their nests
The cliffs shoot up like crannied walls of storied ancient
castles
Or melt away in rounded slopes with sage brush covered
crests.

At Echo out in Utah, there's oasis in the desert—
Here nature spreads a green rug just to rest the weary eye.
The poplars smile a welcome as they guard the lilting
waters
Of the river-in-the-desert that flows, oh so gently, by.

At Echo out in Utah, there are giant spikes of plantain;
There are ancient ruined castles jutting skyward, here and
there.
There is now and then a ragged tree to mark the water
courses
That straggle down the mountain side from Nobody-
Knows Where.

At Echo out in Utah, there are vines that climb the cabins,
And flowers in the gardens, tended with a loving care.
After miles and miles of desert, it's a restful happy haven
At Echo out in Utah, when the train is standing there!

At Echo out in Utah, there's an earnest of the promise
That "God will make the desert places blossom as the rose."
The greenness proves the quality of lands that bear the sage
brush
When men shall hoard the treasure of the melting of the
snows!

The Dubuque Telegraph.

Margarette Ball Dickson.

CLOUDS

Little ships sailing on Ether Lake blue,
Why can't you rest for a moment or two?
Tossed by wind's mad caprice, onward you race,
Constantly moving with e'er changing grace.

Big ships are sailing on Ether Lake blue.
Towering majesty, where is your crew?
Fiery-red javelins shoot up in the air!
Zig-zagging lightnings, and sails groan and tear!

Big fleets are sailing along through the blue,
Onward forever, and little ships too.
Are you not weary, oh, magical sprites,
Piloting bold ghostly ships in their flights?

Big ships or small on a blue ether sea,
Are but the vapors chased by you and me,
Ever in search of a happiness, fleet,
Ceaselessly gliding on tireless feet.

The Enid Morning News.

Emilie Zesiger Blattler.

MEMORIES

The thoughts gone by of olden times
And memory casts her spell sublime
Something strikes, like the ring of a bell,
Then back to the heart, it's message to tell.

It may be just the odor of leaves
When a soft spring rain has caressed the trees;
The breath of roses on a moonlight night
Holds for us all some hidden delight.

A soft haze like a fairy dream
We can see again o'er wood and stream
The crimson glory of a sunset sky
Brings back memories that never die.

The faint sound of music, a gleaming star,
And our thoughts go back to days afar.
Memory, like an unseen spirit, brings
Happiness and sadness both on its wings.

The Enid Daily News.

Mineffa Cale Knapp.

I'VE NEVER SEEN A PINE BOW DOWN

I have seen oak trees bent with living,
I've seen some birch clan dude
set mincing by a hoyden breeze
and I have seen a cottonwood
sprawled out in rustic generosity.
but . . . I have never seen a pine bow down
to either gale or God
or any permanent affliction.

I can remember pines as upright poets only
who listen much and gently comb the wind
for answers to their queries;
too proud to give to pain more than a sigh
and too compassionate to gush aloud.

I've never seen a pine bow down,
but . . . once I found a trunk, by lightning stripped,
to perpendicular defiance, like an ageless thing
still standing guard on damaged beauty all about,
a rooted headstone, charred and stark—
a picket whom the winds respected.

Floyd's Self-master.

Carl Magg.

MAGIC

'Tis a bit of shamrock that ye sent me;
Sure an' ye knew what would gladden my heart;
But despite the joy the wee leaves brought me,
Longing for home cause the hot tears to start.

For the sight of them brought to me memories
Of that beautiful land over the foam,
And the light care-free days of my childhood,
Spent in roaming the hills around my home.

In my dreams, I again see Killarney,
Loveliest spot in that wonderful Isle,
With its mountains and clear lake and river
Always reflecting back heaven's bright smile.

'Twas here nestled the home of my parents,
As well as that of my little colleen;
I've visited lands famed for their beauty,
But no fairer spot than this have I seen.

So the wee bit of shamrock has carried
Visions of days that have long since gone by;
Sure an' ye knew that sweet magic of it
Would hold a smile to replace every sigh.

The Gaelic-American.

Mary Davis Reed.

HEARTS DESIRE

The home is for a woman's love,
She of the tender ways
To make and give them happiness
Who spend with her their days.

For in her deep desire she knows
That she must do her part
And make it so beloved that all
Will love it, too, at heart.

And home is for a good man's soul,
For all he holds most dear
Apart from worldly stress and strife
He finds sweet peace and cheer.

And though the moods of life may change
And varying be the charm,
His heart's desire remains the same
To safe-guard it from harm.

The Hartford Times.

Florence Van Fleet Lyman.

THE FRENCH AVIATORS

God rest you gallant gentlemen!
Where'er that rest may be;
If crushed upon some lonely shore,
If foundered in the sea;
You threw the dice and played the game
With fate most valiantly.

Somewhere you keep your rendezvous,
Who laughed the air to scorn;
'Twixt two eternities you flew,
True to the manor born;
If death rode through the night with you
God welcomed in the morn.

Boast not thyself, O! mighty sea!
Of widest sweep and span;
Nor air—thou vast eternity
Ere yet the world began;
Earth, sky and sea, alike shall be
Conquered by conquering man.

So sleep, my hardy gentlemen!
Who fared the great unknown;
Beneath the wave, somewhere your grave,
By stormy winds o'erblown;
The sea shall keep its secret deep,
The bar shall make its moan.

The Hartford Times.

J. W. Harper.

SUBMISSION

If clouds came not between
Our vision and the sun,
Then were no shadows seen,
And when the days were done,
And autumn gave its meed
Of fruitage for the year,
The answer would we read
In vineyards parched and sere.

Should trials never come
To darken pathways here,
And make us yearn for Home
Through Faith's submission tear,
We might not heed God's leading;
For when He calls us higher,
Despite our earnest pleading,
He purifies by fire.

Come sunshine then, or night,
Come clouds or clearing skies;
Come, Overruling Might,
In varying forms and guise;
Tho' rough or smooth the way,
Help us our course to run,
And with submission say
"Thy will, O Lord, be done."

The Hollywood Citizen.

Frederick M. Steele.

TO ONE LEAVING THE BRIGHT ISLANDS

You will remember the shadowy rose of evening
and swift hibiscus-blossoming flood of dawn;
you will remember the breathless lift of surf,
the wide pure curve of ocean slanting up
to meet the clear downcurving slant of sky . . .
Be glad now while I can feel your gladness
here where the frail hau blossoms deepen and glow
pale yellow at morning to rich red in the mellow
gold of late afternoon, along the level sand.
For you will remember and miss these nights of moons
incredibly vast, piercingly beautiful;
you will recall, in strange cold dusks and dim,
the chant of surf under the wizard moon,
and in sad winter sunshine, empty-bright,
the warm embrace of sun, the welcoming clasp
of sun-warmed sand, the smooth caress of sea.

Sing then, remembering, a song of islands
burnt to deep red with passion, loved of sea and sky;
sing then a song of the deep love-flowering moon
petaling down through lace of bamboo, feathery pattern
of palm,
remembering the throb, the urge and yearning
of ukuleles drifting toward the dawn
and soft guitars and dark throats singing of love
between the coil and hiss of saxophones
wandering in haunted moonlight—
sing, Shadowy Rose, and remembering,
dance gravely, as waves dance on the crisp sand,
dancing a hymn to the sea.

The Honolulu Star-Bulletin.

Clifford Gessler.

THE MAN ON CHERRY STREET

Senator James A. Reed recently purchased a \$50,000 home on
Cherry Street in Kansas City, Missouri.

Now closely watch this man on Cherry Street,
He bears the scars of battles fought and won,
Of races many in the open sun,
And never did he swerve or make retreat,
Nor ever yet acknowledge grim defeat,
No task too great for him to fear or shun,
Nor road too rough or long for him to run.
Nor sky too blue or high for him to greet.

This man on Cherry Street, with eager face,
And dogged jaw and penetrating eye,
Seeks out his quiv'ring prey in open space,
And fast pursues him 'neath the burning sky,
Until in victory he wins the race,
When all that's left is but a shrieking cry.

The Independent.

Henry Polk Lowenstein.

A FLIGHT TO YOUTH

Over the hills to my far-away youth,
Pleasure on pleasure within it,
Back to my hills that are staunch as the Truth,
All on the wings of a minute;
Over the wake of the forward miles,
Lifetime of labor and sorrow and smiles—
Back to the goal and I win it.

Down through the orchard and over the fence,
Vaulting it light as a feather,
Skimming along, to, an humor and sense
Fitting all tempers of weather;
Down to the rocks where the brook is spanned
By the taut bridge of a spider and
Whistle the gods together.

Down by the ripples and crannies—a stroke—
Follow and follow and follow
Column on column of Vanity Folk
Up and down Pageantry Hollow;
Rhythm of water-wings over the stones,
Shimmer of light from the gold of the thrones,
Glintings like wings of the swallow.

Over the hills to my far-away youth,
Breaking the links of my tether,
Back to my hills that are staunch as the Truth,
Tulip-tree, hawk-nest and owl-feather;
Down to the spring and its tiny brook,
Down, away down, to the quietest nook
And whistle the gods together.

The Indianapolis Star.

Lynas Clyde Seal.

HIGH CHURCH

At Sandy Cove the wakefullest thing
Is the bell that swings elate
In chapel, where they pray and sing
One day in twenty-eight.

The curate climbs the gravelly grade,
And notes each change in season;
Then rings the bell, and books arrayed,
He preaches rule—or reason.

The hallowed light streams thru the blur
Of errant mists outside,
Consoling sullen pine and fir,
Rebuking wrath and pride.

And then the curate locks the door,
And takes the bus to city,
For other charges, six or more,
Well paid—or poorer, pity!

Four empty weeks the doctrine sleeps,
While life appointed moves
Forward in Sandy Cove, but keeps
Its worldly polished grooves.

The wakefullest thing is the chapel bell
The day it goes on guard;
The deadeast are the folk that dwell
Beneath it in the yard.

The Jacksonville Journal.

John Kearns.

O, HOW COULD I HAVE KNOWN?

O, how could I have known
When you dwelt amidst us here
That you were wholly spirit—
And mostly mercy, dear?

O, how should I have known
That I lived so much thru you?
Does a leaflet search the sunshine?
Does a blossom fathom dew?

The Jewish Tribune.

Silvia Margolis.

ON THE ARIZONA DESERT

Fading sun, and beautiful glow,
And one who sees it not with me
Twilight star, when the sun is low
And none to share its beauty with me.

Lonely night; and a cooling wind
And one who waits in the east for me;
Lovely moon in a setting rare
And none to share its joys with me.

The Jewish Tribune.

Leo Edward Schottland.

SABBATH LIGHT

White candles that my mother lit,
Each Sabbath eve at home,
Enraptured, I would near her sit,
My fire equalled their own!

My childish eyes drank in that light,
Still in my heart it glows;
Though all around is arid, blight—
In desert soil a rose!

Life wrecked my garden, where hope grew—
Just one spot's fertile, bright;
In memory there glows anew
My mother's Sabbath light!

The Jewish Tribune.

Ruth Morse.

SALOME'

(ROUNDEL)

Sister of flame, when slaves of Eros burn
His lamp to guide your little naked feet,
Dance your slow coral spiral, your swift turn,
Sister of flame.

The lyre cries with your harmonious heat;
Your eyes are darts of fire, your heart an urn
Throbbing to your each movement, beat to beat.

Dance, dance for Herod; loose the veils, nor spurn
Your terrible price to Love, your hideous cheat . . .
Up from the well a head of ice discern,
Sister of flame!

The Jewish Tribune.

Benjamin Mussers.

WEDDED

A dog's distant bark,
The shudder of a leaf;
Two stroll in the dark—
Myself and Grief.
Silent and serene
We plod the path of life:
Lovers have we never been—
Man and wife.

The Jewish Tribune.

Philip M. Raskin.

AFTERMATH

Sunny springtime, and trees in budded ranks.
Jack Frost is gone. Yet comes a day too warm
And with the evening, fitful lightnings swarm.
The night descends with thunder on her flanks,
Great rivers swell and overflow their banks,
And death rides forth as twisting winds take form
Wrecking all things that stand before the storm.
Is it for this, men offer up their thanks?

Yet, oh, the breaking of a bright, blue day,
Fair winds, a bit of fleece across the sky,
And tree tops bending where the songsters play!
Such days are many, yet too swiftly fly
On Life's broad turbulence. It is God's way—
A golden aftermath—when storms blow by.

The Kansas City Star.

Lowe W. Wren.

BOULDER

This boulder is my brother,
Silent in the sun;
And likewise every other
Since time was first begun.

He cannot hear me sing
Where solidly he stands.
I cannot say a thing
My brother understands.

But he and I are one
Beneath the open sky,
Our father is the sun,
And him we glorify.

The Kansas City Star.

Richard Ghormley Eberhart.

TO THE SKYLARK

The skylark in the lovely month of June,
As on and up it soars so blithe and free,
On nimble wings with golden throat in tune,
Pours out its strains of sweetest melody.
There is no darkened cloud to dim its course,
Nor angry storm its trustful hopes to blight;
It draws its power from that Mysterious Source
That fills the world with Law, and Love, and Light,
And guides the mighty eagle in its flight.

Teach me, Oh God, the secret of its heart
When in the dazzling heights so near to Thee
It still sends forth its flood of wondrous art
To fill the listening world with ecstasy;
And how this arbiter of boundless sky,
Alone with Thee to guide its tiny brain,
Will fold its tireless wings without a sigh,
And as my hopes and plans and efforts vain,
Like a falling star drop to the earth again.

The Kansas City Star.

Henry Polk Lowenstein.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM

Oh! a curious place is an editor's den,
That sanctum sanctorum that's ruled by the pen.
The odors are musty,
The furnishings dusty,
But it's cozy and bright to the newspaper men.

Though files are untidy and cobwebs are thick,
The wires of the world are all buzzing "be quick!
We want more excitement,
Some wreck or indictment,"
So the editors work while the typewriters click.

When you enter the room and just take a peep
At the politics, weddings and deaths in a heap,
With fines and divorces,
The question of course is
How ever they sort it and sell it so cheap.

But shuttles fly fast in the newspaper loom,
Be the woof and the warp news of panic or boom,
And yet you will wonder
Whenever in thunder
It's housecleaning day in the editor's room.

The Kansas City Star.

Sophie E. Redford.

ALLIANCE

They were married on Easter Eve. . . .
The Cross in the Church of St. John, the Divine,
Almost covered with white and yellow
Symbols of beauty, seemed to interweave
A subtle charm through Love's design,
As they went forth to breast Life's gale
And wait in a quiet place the hour their ship would sail;

Two hundred feet above the street
They stood . . . He threw the windows wide.
There was rain outside with a touch of Spring in the air,
And the magic of being together there!

They looked far down . . . the lights of the town
Gleamed steadily through the mist
And she leaned near . . . and he kissed
Her upturned face . . .
Where, he felt, no sorrow must find place;

Trembling a bit with the thought of it,
He sighed . . . then knew a strange, exalting thing;
Love is not love without remembering
The sacrifice, the gift of womanhood,
Right here with him that living promise stood . . .
And it was Easter . . . Gold melted from the dross.
And Love should mean the Crown and not the Cross!

La Follia Di.

Peter A. Lea.

THE LOST AVIATOR

Look off, dear heart, each evening when the sea
Has made a crimson coverlet for me;
I dream far down, tall grasses at my head,
The moon a silver lamp that lights my bed,
And close beside me drifts a phantom thing
That was my ship,—green mosses on its wing.

Will you, dearheart, some wondrous summer day
Steal from your world a little while away—
And kneeling where the blue waves kiss the land
Take up some water in your white-cupped hand
And press it to your lips?—for it maybe
Has touched my lips—and brings a kiss from me!

The Lewiston Democrat-News.

Florence Wallin.

LONELY PLACES

I glimpse them here and there. High on a hill,
But half revealed, calm and serenely still,
As I flash swiftly by, a lonely spot
Is unaware how fortunate its lot.
Wood creatures only know its charm and mystery,
No human eye will ever all its beauty see.

When winter wraps the earth in shawls of white,
The virgin forests call me through the night,
Midsummer moons oft point a finger where
A lifted wing alone stirs sultry air.
I lie awake and, through the darkness, visions steal
Of cliffs whose coolness human hands will never feel.

The dawn intrigues me. Safe from alien view,
The modest woodland flowers are filled with dew,
The twilight hour which veils the flaming west,
Enchants with thoughts of every hidden nest,
And when rain falls I turn from nearby faces,
My heart goes questing far to lonely places.

The Louisville Courier-Journal.

Kalfus Kurtz Gusling.

THE THUNDER BIRD

With hair as gray as the moss that clings
To the massive boughs of an ancient tree.
From the Dwelling-Place of a race of kings,
Look Thor and Odin across the sea.
Walhalla sleeps in the mystic haze
Of a crescent moon in a Land of Dreams;
Tho its banquet halls are all ablaze
And light thro the open casements streams.

Old sea-gods of the Long Ago,
All alone in their banquet halls;
Looking down to the sands below,
And the restless sea that ever crawls—
Ever crawls with its ebb and flow,
As the changing tide of their hopes and fears;
And bearing out in its undertow
The fears and hopes of a thousand years!

Thor and Odin, what do ye hear,
In the dim, sweet light of the crescent's glow?"
For ever your old eyes peep and peer
To the sky above and the sea below.
Heardest thou the wild Valkyrie's shrieks,
Breaking the spell of your long, long rest?
"Down in the East the morning breaks,
And a strange Wild Bird comes out of the West!"

Silent Odin and watchful Thor,
Old Norse gods of the Long Ago,
What thought ye as ye looked and saw
Twixt the gloomy sky and the sea below
The silver-gray of the speeding plane,
And over the surge of the North Sea heard
The steady motor's glad refrain—
The rush and sweep of the Thunder Bird?

Old Norse gods of the Long Ago,
Stand aside! Ye are burnt-out souls!
Only your eyes in their sockets glow
Like the fitful gleams of dying coals!
You have lived your life, you have dreamed your dream,
The life of galley and sail and oar!
This is the Age of Gas and Steam,
And swift Thought winging from shore to shore!

Ye lived; but never your soul's desire
Essayed to mount to the heights he trod—
To span the sea with a leap of fire,
Over the clouds and—close to God!
Viking! Lord of the sea and air!
Old Norse gods, he has conquered you,
Upheld by the power of a mother's prayer
To an old, old GOD ye never knew!

The Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

J. F. Darroh.

SINKING MOON

Soft bit of gold in a deep, darkling sky,
Ancient, yet new,
Tenderly curving where pale moon moths fly,
Was it for you
Amber light glowed through the gathering mist
Tinted with rose,
Watching you gently where, all dewy kissed,
You sought repose?

Little strange spirits of darkness and dawn,
Shadow and day,
How could you guess that your hearts would be drawn
Where moon nymphs play
Out where the black-wooded hills beckon now,
Calling the moon,
Reaching and longing to touch its cool brow
Sinking so soon.

The Milwaukee Sentinel.

Alice Phelps Rider.

THE KEY

Knock, and the door opens to you;
Seek, and your pathway grows clear;
Beauty is ever around you,
Harmonies soothing the ear,
Meadows of kindness blooming,
Lilac-like hedges of thought,
Trees in full flower perfuming
Fancy in reverie caught,—
Glories of morning upraising
The sunshine that banishes fear,
Glistening radiance praising
The noon-tide of friends pressing near,
Vistas of joy in the gloaming
Framed in the glow of the west,
Fledgings a-wing for the roaming
In dreams they have dreamed in the nest.
Filled with the life-giving leaven,
Tingling with power from above,—
Key of the world and of heaven,
The key of the heart that is love.

The Milwaukee Sentinel.

Sam Bryan.

INTO THE SKY AND SEA

Wind and foam and the speechless sea,
And mutely mourning waves,
Another secret known to thee
Of untold heroes' graves.

Into the west the White Bird flew
For France—It must be done—
Soared aloft in the morning dew
Toward land of setting sun.

Into the space of sea and sky
Two heroes winged their way,
And ever onward shall they fly—
Toward land of dying day.

The Milwaukee Sentinel.

Lindsay Hoben.

LAND OF BEGINNING AGAIN

My dear, there's a "Land of Beginning Again,"
"The Land of Great Surprise,"
It lies mapped out before you, plain.
The minute you open your eyes;
When the clock's bell strikes a warning,
No matter what hour, when
You spring from your bed in the morning
There's "The Land of Beginning Again."

It is bounded, north, by the empire, "Done,"
"The Land of Yesterday"—
And, east, the "Kingdom of Rising Sun"
Bounds "Beginning Again," "Today"—
On the south by "The Land of Pleasant Dreams"
"Forgetting of Care and Sorrow"—
But what lies west no one knows, it seems,
For no one has found "Tomorrow."

The Mill Valley Record.

Addie M. Proctor.

SILVER SAILS

Silver sails are flying down the harbor—
Sails on little galleons of dreams,
And all about are flying spray and spindrift
And glinting bits of foam where sunlight gleams.

Silver sails are flying down horizons,
Bound for ports that lie in purple haze,
But never can the homebound cargo equal
The aching loneliness of one who stays

Within four walls of home with empty sunsets,
Unmarked by mast or sails of homing ships—
With only waves on sand to brave the silence
And salty winds that torment aching lips.

The Mill Valley Record.

Cristel Hastings.

THE BOUGAINVILLEA

The bougainvillea vine that grows
Above my window pane,
Drops all its petals one by one
In tribute to the rain;
Upon the sodden grass they lie
Inert, and colorless,
As the green fronds prepare to weave
Another purple dress.

After the shower a bud appears
Unfolding to the sun,
And soon there are a myriad
Where there was only one;
The vivid blooms seem like a cloud
Suspended in the sky,
Whose deeps of color with the earth
And with the heavens vie.

The Mill Valley Record.

Mabel W. Phillips.

A REVERY

One of the grandest pictures,
That hangs on memory's wall,
Is of the long bright Summer,
And the ever changing fall.
I was looking at this picture,
Most beauteous to behold,
Of purple eyed violets,
And daisies with hearts of gold.

Fuchsias, with scarlet dresses,
Roses, of deepest red,—
Already they have perished,
And all their beauty's sped.
There was the pale forget-me-not,
With eyes of tender blue,
You present it to a dear one,
And murmur, love be true.

And here is the fragrant heliotrope,
So humble and divine,
You hold this precious treasure,
And whisper, thou art mine.
The lilly of the valley,
With lowly, drooping head,
Says, "My perfume lingers,
When my beauty's fled."

Give me the simple daisy,
The fairest of them all,
'Twill be the first to greet me,
At the voice of memory's call,
It reminds me of the Summer—
The Summer that has fled—
And of the beautiful flowers
That are sleeping with the dead.

I gathered a handful of rose leaves,
And held them in my hand,
And gently fell to dreaming
Of another, fairer land.
Dreamed of a beautiful haven
And of the River of Life,
Bordered by rarer flowers,
Blooming by day and by night.

And gathered by the angels,
To strew around the throne:
Pressed, by the feet of their Creator,
Who reigns supreme alone.
I wonder if this little daisy,
Is nestled with the rest,
To deck those white robed angels,
With wreaths upon their breasts.

Awakening from my reverie
I started with a sigh.
Alas! my leaves have wilted,
And so we all must die.
The harvest time is coming,
And the reaper'll gather in,
All the worthy of the gleaners,
From the world of doubt and sin.

The New Canaan Advertiser.

Henrietta E. Bouton.

THE ARAB

The Arab loves his desert which to aliens is mere sand,
And round about, like border fringe, the jagged mountains
stand,
Which to some eyes are tumbled rocks, to him are God's
own hand.

He trudges through the pathless dunes amid the sun's
hot blaze;
The sand is velvet to his feet and skyward is his gaze,
And when the twilight bids to rest, he chants his Allah's
praise.

The Arab and the desert wastes, the parching, tropic heat,
Combine to make God's picture true, harmonious and
complete,
For Nature seeks and concord finds when like in union
meet.

There is for each a certain niche in Nature's plan supreme,
For every sunbeam has its stream to mirror its bright gleam,
And we but mere mosaics are to harmonize the scheme.

The New Canaan Advertiser.

Herman A. Heydt.

SETTING ON THE JURY IN VERMONT

A thing that gives Vermont adults
The greatest satisfaction,
A dissipation that results
In no adverse reaction,
A thing that keeps your spirit calm
Amidst much sound and fury
Is being drawn and setting on
The county petty jury.

Some morning when it's storming hard
And soft-shelled roads look miry,
You get the sheriff's postage card
About the new venire;
The clerk he signs the notice, too,
It starts you up like fury—
You're surely wanted, that's a fact
Upon the petty jury.

It makes a little family strife,
This doing absent duty;
You have to pacify your wife
By saying "Dear" and "Cutie";
You have to hire a hand to milk,
Eb Ames or Dexter Drury,
But in your heart you're secret proud
To set upon the jury.

A ten-mile drive, but that ain't bad,
For you are Hiram Drummond,
The son of Seth, the son of Gad,
And you'll be there when summoned;
You'll see the lawyers foam and froth,
McGettrick and McClury,
And hear the docket called—it's great
This getting on the jury.

They say that loss of 'fections case
Is on the trial docket—
The trading of a wife's disgrace
For cash inside the pocket;
The man who's won a good girl's hand
And can't hold on like fury,
You kinder guess he'd best speak low
When you are on the jury.

You'll go right straight to Landlord Leet's—
He keeps the old brick tavern,
And tuck away some hotel eats
Inside your central cavern;
You'll meet the crowd there every night
That smokes cigars like fury—
You might as well be in the swim
When setting on the jury.

The New Canaan Advertiser.

Daniel L. Cady.

THE ROAR OF THE CROWD

TO LINDY

The world today is fawning at your feet—
The tom-toms in wild hero worship beat—
But all too soon man's star is on the wane,
And public praise is like a weathervane.

The world will whisper lies into your ears,
And tell you that in your brief span of years
You've reached the heights—seen all there is to see—
It does not want to leave your future free.

We'd clip the eagle's pinions with acclaim
And put him in a cage, and call it "fame,"
And gape at him, while there behind the bars
He yearned in vain to fly among the stars!

We'd rob you in our selfish, human way,
Of your own world of hopes and visions gay.
So Lindy—take with salt our frantic roars—
The happy eagle is the one that soars!

The New York Daily News.

Nick Kenny.

THESE ARE THE OLD

Written especially for the Old Couples Christmas Fund
These are the old—the brave, the broken
Old little people: these are the old;
And there is something they have not spoken,
And there is something they have not told:
Something about growing old together
Under the bleak or the friendly weather;
Something about the bare, chill room,
The depressing poverty odor, the gloom
That slinks up the tenement stairs; and their pride;
And the Specter that keeps them crucified . . .
These are the people too sick, too cold,
Too hungry, too proud: these are the old.

The New York Post.

Joseph Auslander.

LOVE HATH ITS PAIN

Love hath its pain and its divine delight.
Dreams in the dusk and aching in the night
Shall yield unto the dawn a blessed fruit.
The branches of the vine and its dark root
Partake of life and death in equal part.
The frost of Winter, fastened on the heart,
Shall melt to freedom at the flush of Spring.

"O Love," I said, "unfold to me this thing,
Fathom the reason of thy joy and pain."

"Wouldst have," Love said, "all sunshine and no rain?
Wouldst have all laughter and not any tears?
All plenty and no lean and hungry years?
Shall cherry blossoms be white the whole year through?
Shall grasses be forever bright with dew?"

"Oh, nay," Love said; "How sweet the brimming cup
When we have come a thirsty way to sup,
How sweet your trembling silence on my breast
When we have come a weary way to rest."

The New York Sun.

Barbara Young.

A SIGNATURE

What was that glinting
Silver thing
That flashed like something wild a-wing,
And fled on the crest of the morning,
Leaping the coast of Newfoundland
As a jewel the zenith adorning?

What is that glittering over the sea,
Remote in the heavens,
Higher and higher;
Plunging for Ireland,
Swift as an arrow tipped with desire?

What is that shimmering
High above England
Weaving the mists,
Invading the Channel?
What does it bring
This shadowy thing?

Avant! Over France
Like an eagle it hovers
Aloft in the blue;
Spiraling, gliding,
Coming to rest,
A pant in its breast
Weary of riding.

Mon Dieu! It is mortal
Out of the void
Hurrying by
Signing the name of
LINDBERGH
On the land
And the sea
And the sky.

The New York Sun.

Bob Davis.

BEAUTY ALONE

Beauty alone is not enough
I cannot stay too long apart
From life that pulses swift and strong.
That shoots its fire-tipped dart.

Her cradle swings enchanted by
A lotus pool and poppy field,
A veil of bird songs, mist and dew,
She drops before me like a shield.

Inert I lie, with beauty drugged,
Wrapped in her lovely shroud,
In Lethe drowned, I cannot rise,
Nor even cry aloud.

The New York Sun.

Katherine Washburn Harding.

"THE FLYING FOOL"

"The Flying Fool"?—What thoughtless jesters dare
So christen this brave youth who flies alone
Into uncharted death-trails of the air
And conquers countless perils "on his own"?

"The Flying Fool"? Does this describe the son
Of Vikings, who from deeply puddled sod
Took flight in solitude, content to shun
The aid of any one except his God?

"The Flying Fool"?—What fellow gave that name
To this intrepid hero of the skies,
Who so prefers to play a risky game
That, if disaster comes, no comrade dies?

"The Flying Fool"—a quiet, deep-eyed lad
Who sails the clouds as captain and as crew;
Determined, fearless and a little mad
With that strange madness which makes dreams
come true.

"The Flying Fool"—a youth with nerves of steel;
Devoid of any boastfulness and bluff,
A modest lad whose manner makes you feel
That, come what may, the kid will do his stuff.

"The Flying Fool"—blond eagle of the blue
Who dares the fog, the blackness and the gale
With just his Destiny to see him through,
But constant in the faith he cannot fail.

"The Flying Fool"—no kingly plane for him;
No endless data, comrades, moneyed chums;
No boards, no councils, no directors grim—
He plans ALONE . . . and takes Luck as it comes!

"The Flying Fool"—a kid from off the farm
Unknown to fame, unheard of in the news,
Who scorns great plans that keep a man from harm
And fairly leaps upon an epic cruise.

"The Flying Fool"—a lad at little pains
To guard against each slight caprice of fate;
He stalks strange gods of never conquered lanes
To write his name among the bravely great.

"The Flying Fool" in early morning murk
Takes slowly off as watchers hold their breath;
Skims through the mists where ghostly dangers lurk
And hurls his gauntlet in the face of Death.

"The Flying Fool!" a fearful nation moans;
And then the prayers of countless millions rise;
And through the day and night his motor drones
As on across the sea he flies and flies.

* * *

"Lindbergh Arrives! . . . The tidings leap through
space:

The boldest trip in all world history;
"The Flying Fool"? . . . Well, if that fits the case,
And such a man's a fool, who wouldn't be?

The New York Sun.

H. I. Phillips.

TO DONFARRAN

When your laughing gypsy people
Pitch their camp before my house
On the windy downs of Sussex

Near the sea,
I shall barricade my window,
And be quiet as a mouse,
Lest their all-alluring summons
Come to me.

For I've settled down in England,
And although my anchor's fast
In the golden gorse of Sussex,
Yet I feel

That it won't take much to tempt me
Back again into the past,
And the way I used to wander
Keel or wheel.

The New York Sun.

E. Leslie Spaulding.

SPINSTERHOOD

Pale lilies-of-the-valley by her door
Crowd modestly on shafts of symmetry,
The white rose over lattice window more
Than stifles in its clinging purity.
Her shadow blurs against the curtained pane
As if a furtive ghost were faltering there
In vague unrest, uncertain to remain
Or vanish in the cloister laden air.
She watches lovers passing hand in hand,
Proud mothers with their baby-carts employed;
She wishes that she, too, could understand
And share absorbing passions they enjoyed.
Not for the carking loneliness she mourned
Nor dull, advancing years mildewed with tears;
It is regret for that which she has scorned,—
Desires frustrated down the marching years.

New York Telegram.

Anne M. Robbins.

BRAILLE

Faltering, fumbling
O'er the strange signs,
My fingers are stumbling,
Trying with all my might
I spell out words aright
As children do,
Learning to read anew,
By touch, not sight.

Faster and faster,
O'er the strange words,
My fingers are gliding,
Then sentences come
And the victory's won!
Open flies the door.
I thought closed evermore,
Into precious Bookland
Where old friends I meet,
And dear friends I greet,
With a touch of the hand.

The New York Times.

By a Blind Student.

ON PEKING STREETS

Here men in padded coats of blue
Display their quaint and varied ware;
One shows gay cherry blossom shawls,
And golden pins for raven hair;
Wrought-amber bottles filled with snuff,
A fragile, pensive goddess made
Of milk-white porcelain; a strand
Of carved peachstones; costly old jade.

Another has rose lacquer trays
Painted in grey . . . a bamboo tree
Beside a lotos covered pool,
And fans of ivory filigree.
But one, with wrinkled, leering face
Speaks cunningly behind his hand
Of things far more precious than these—
Wait, stranger, do you understand?

The New York Times.

Louise Crenshaw Ray.

CHALLENGE

Life, you have struck the work of my hands;
The pieces are irretrievably shattered,
The days and the months that I builded are gone—
My toil and my agony have not mattered.

Life, you have struck, but you have not slain;
Wait. Only wait. I shall build again.
I am strong.

Love, you have thrust a sword through my heart.
What is it to you that I gave and gave?
Pierced and bleeding and pinned to the wall,
Do you think that still there is nought to save?

Held up by the sword, I am not slain.
Wait, Love, wait; I shall build again.
I am strong.

Death, are you watching with lifted scythe?
Why do you pause? I am not afraid—
Like an unmown field I await your stroke;
Come forth! You need seek no ambuscade!

What does it matter though I be slain?
Mayhap, Sir Death, I shall build again.
I am strong.

The New York Times.

Anne Zuker.

EXPERIENCE

When I heard the hermit thrush
Singing in the hollow,
It seemed to me I had no choice
But to rise and follow.

So I went down a little hill
And found his willow tree,
But when I came near to him
He would not sing for me.

I went back to my garden
That is set on a hill,
And there at morn and evening
I heard him singing still.

Oh, some there are that call you,
And some that bid you stay.
But if you wish to hold a friend,
Let him go his way!

The New York Times.

Louise Driscoll.

THE HIGHWAYMAN

With iron heels I spurn the turf,
The late moon sees me ride;
The belfried owl on yonder tower
Hoots to my ringing stride!
Halloo! Halloo! A coach in sight!
Fat purses, knot your strings to-night!

By moonlight on a wintry heath
A forester am I—
Diana to the clouds again,
And darkness cloak the sky!
Halloo! Halloo! A coach in sight!
Fat purses, knot your strings to-night!

The New York Times.

C. E. L'Ami.

THE VIGIL

The dust, the loud bazaar are far behind;
Thickens the darkness, chillier blows the wind;
And all My Father's creatures seek their rest,
The fox his lair, the babe his mother's breast.
And I? . . . I watch; the thorn, the birds that cry
And all wild things befriending, friendless I.
Fain would I satisfy the need that drave
Me to this wild; no gift from Heaven I crave,
Naught but a human hand—one tender touch,
As plighted lovers greet withal. Nay! such
Delight I leave untasted, to fulfill
One high, immutable, beloved Will.
Sufficeth Me the Father's love instead,
And presence: this hath ever been My bread.
So be it through this vigil, till the day
Break o'er the desert, and I wend My way
Bravely to face the world, where once again
I take on Me its blackness and its pain.

The New York Times.

John Cook.

LINDBERGH

The crush in the market slackens,
The noisy strife of greed,
The hue and cry for pleasure
Cease, while the heart gives heed
To an older sound and braver
Than soldiers on parade,
Than the ring of golden metal
And the fiery clang of trade—

The song of youth and courage
And all youth's artless grace;
The song of man assailing
The bonds of time and space:
The song of one for many:
—A life, at stake, alone,
Winging through the darkness
To morning and a throne!

Age hears, and old dreams waken;
Youth hears, and vows anew;
Man's common kinship rallies
And joy and pride undo
Misunderstanding's mischief,
Prejudice's wrongs—
God send, at need, the voices
To sing for us such songs!

The New York Times.

Donald Gillies.

THE BATTLE OF PRINCETON

(This Is the 150th Anniversary of Washington's Night-March
Through the Snow to the Battle Scene)

They left their campfires blazing bright to cheat the watch-
ful foe,
And Trenton lights were lost behind the midnight and the
snow.
'Twas plod along the rugged road; no travel smooth or
swift;
The slow guns balked upon the hard and floundered through
the drift.
Cold steel there was enough that night—in frozen hands;
good Lord!
The wind came like the Angel with the sharp two-edged
sword.

But 'twas northeast, north; till the dawn begins to
spring.
Five thousand ragged weary men with George to beat
the King!
Oh, their hearts were strong and bold, though the way was
cruel cold
To Princeton and the dawn!

A whisper stirred the frozen stars, calm and ironic-eyed;
"The most part still are raw good-will; two thousand
scarce, are tried!"
"Last hope, last hope," his hoofbeats rang, as if to mock
and gird,
Who rode along the toiling files and dropped a cheering
word.
"Can we win through?" his thought would ask, the while
his lips might say:
"My compliments to Captain Neal; Axe-men to clear the
way."
And 'twas tramp, plod, tramp; till dawning heaves
abroad.
"*In manus tuas, Domine*; the morrow and the sword!"
And they passed the jug around to improve the broken
ground
And to bring the glow of dawn.

Clear morn upon the Quaker Road; how hearteningly it fell
On Stony Brook all sheathed in ice, and sounds the college
bell!
"Mercer; destroy that bridge beyond"—but ere he turned
his heel
Along the snow the scarlet foe, a column bright with steel.
"Right wheel! Before the farmhouse there; form, Potter;
Haslet, form.
"Moulder, what keeps those guns of yours? It's going to
be warm!"
Then 'twas quick, double-quick; for to seize the gentle
slope;
The sun's behind; the foe's in front, their hearts were
hot with hope.
But Mawhood from the ridge spied our Mercer at the
bridge
And the bayonets flooded down.

Mercer is down, his men are fled, the double columns close!
Sooth be it said, a richer red has stained the virgin snows.
'Fore God, they make a noble show, such proper men and
large;

Look, look, how furiously they come; and hark, the *pas
de charge!*

Up, Pennsylvania! Maryland, now heed your country's
call!

"We have to stop those bayonets, men. Platoons there;
give 'em ball!"

Then out, bursting out, spoke the cannon stern and loud,
And the crash of the volley made the rolling battlecloud,
"Our Chief is down!" they cried, but he showed 'em that
they lied,

And the headlong charge was stayed.

Hurrah, they flee—the Fifty-fifth—and for the town they
run,

Mawhood's retreating past the mill, he's leaving every gun!
They rallied at the gully—they were driven back in rout,
They made a fort of Nassau Hall—the cannon turned 'em
out.

There's twenty-score of prisoners, the northward road is
free;

And oh, the wrath in London when the words comes over
sea!

Then 'twas on, press on; but their hearts are light and
gay.

Cornwallis follows white with rage, but George has got
away.

So the fight was lost and won ere at noonday stood the
sun

That promised in the dawn.

Now send the tidings far and wide throughout the waiting
land

To raise again the drooping heart, to nerve the listless hand.
And can we train the country louts to face the bullet's
whine?

And can we raise a regiment to front the British line?

Trenton was not a stroke of luck, go tell it, friend to
friend;

We've beat 'em once, we've beat 'em twice, we'll beat 'em
in the end!

And it's dash, cut, dash; that the joyful news be broke,
The post-boys killed their wretched nags to reach the
Roanoke,
And the steeples rang renown to the streets of Boston
town,
For Princeton was the dawn!

The New York Times.

E. Sutton.

ARMISTICE DAY

The cold rain falls on Dun-sur-Meuse tonight.
My brothers of the Marne, do you fare well,
Where by the ford, or on some wind-swept height,
You lie among the hamlets where you fell?

Do you sleep well these wet November nights,
Where there is never any brushwood blaze,
To cast within the dugout wavering lights,
And warm the chill of these benumbing days?

Romage-sous-Montfaucon! The little towns
That scatter from the Somme to the Moselle,
Some silent sentry on their high-backed downs,
Harks still to every far white church's bell—

The humble little church of misty hills,
Set where the white roads cross, with ruined fane,
Where, through the window gaps with war-scarred sills,
A battered Christ looked out into the rain—

Silent, all silent to the passer-by,
Those lonely mounds, or rows of crosses white,
Beyond the need of bitter words they lie,
But are they silent to their friends tonight?

Can we stand whole before a crackling fire—
We, who have gone in peace year after year
Singing and jesting, working again for hire—
Deaf to the message they would have us hear?

The New York Tribune.

Curtis Wheeler.

LOVE ON AN OLD WILLOW PLATE

He was a lover of humble kin,
And looked on the daughter of a mandarin.
(*That's Chang, on the bridge, by the willow tree,
Between the parent and Koong Shee.*)

But when did the course of love run smooth?
A mandarin's wrath is hard to soothe.
So he locked his child—oh, cruel fate!—
In a quaint little prison (*to the left of the plate.*)

And every night to the bridge he stole,
Did mournful Chang, and sighed his soul.
"I never can clasp thee more," said he.
"Oh, I don't know," said Koong Shee.

"But the bolts, and the bars, and the wild sea waves!
And a dragon, no doubt, in the wild sea caves!
I *never* could climb that willow tree!"
"Oh, well, *good night!*" said Koong Shee.

But he did, of course, as lovers do,
And made a ladder of his trusty queue.
"My star! My moon! My *sun!*" quoth he,
"Don't drop the jewels," said Koong Shee.

So they sailed and sailed full many a day
To a neat little house on the edge of the bay.
(*A bit to the north. You can see it float,
Just half an inch from the top of the boat.*)

But alas and alack! Oh, piteous woe!
They had quite forgotten her ancient beau,
Who slinks to their nest with looks of ire.
(*This picture was taken before the fire.*)

Oh, what is death, if love be true?
Away on the wings of doves they flew,
(*To the top of the plate. They are plain to see,
Just one size smaller than the willow tree.*)

The New York Tribune.

Vilda Sauvage Owens.

RUINED

I chased my Love with a scarlet bow,
With a bow of his own desiring.
When he would travel the sweet false paths
I made me false and sweet—
Tho' I knew the beauty of lips of truth,
I could not endure his tiring—
Through the wanton way of the ever-gay
I followed his eager feet.

Sweet and false was the song I sang
As I decked me for his pleasure,
Pearl to coral my chaste limbs glowed
At his glance of swift surprise—
I, who was made for enduring things
Turned plaything for his leisure—
But ah, the flame of thrilling shame
At the look in my Lover's eyes!

Now he would have the richer gifts—
My treasures that first had thrall'd him,
Firm hand holding firmer hand,
A promise whispered low—
For he has done with the mad, wild nights
Where passion forever called him.
And he desires the cleansing fires
That whiten the scarlet bow.

But I have grown used to the sweet false ways,
The ways of my Love's own choosing—
And I have forgotten the tender curves
That moulded the mouth of truth—
Since I have been singing the stern songs
The lilt of my own I am losing.
My lips but know the scarlet bow
That mimics eternal youth!

The New York World.

Adele Klaer.

AFTER DECORATION DAY

Brief blossoms that shall die as men have died
Adorn the graves. The deathless immortelle
That we must place on every soldier's grave
Is Peace, unending Peace, world-wide.

The Oakland Tribune.

Laura Bell Everett.

A WILLOW WHISTLE

Ten and a half, and never have had
A willow whistle? O, luckless lad!

Ten and a half, and never have heard
Its flute notes call like a lilting bird?

O, little lad, ten years for you
Have gone, somehow, so sadly askew.

I made you a whistle; you made it call
As sweet as the laugh from your lips let fall

At its first clear note. But you never knew
The magic wrought while you gaily blew,

For you unraveled the blunted years,
Long years knit with laughter and tears;

Carried me back where I used to be
A barefoot boy 'neath a willow tree;

Charmed me again to a long lost June
Where a boyhood world was all in tune

With a willow whistle that longingly blew
Dreams of the years that never came true.

The Oakland Tribune.

Athas David Cunningham.

PRELUDE

At first a tiny rustling, mysterious and bustling,
As though the furry creatures of the wood
Were playing hide and seek over pebbles of a creek,
And catching one another if they could.
And then a gentle pattering, like fairy dancers scattering,
And slipping through the grasses green and sweet—
A toy battalion battering, a mimic fortress shattering,
The sliding, gliding tread of marching feet.
And, oh, the purling sound of it, the dripping, droning
round of it,
The tapping, tapping on the window pane!
The fairies leave their traceries and cast their airy laceries—
Then flashing, dashing, lashing falls the rain.

The Oakland Tribune.

Bessie I. Sloan.

EPITAPH

"He lived and died in the mountains,
He never saw the world,"
They said when his life had ended—
Words with pity hurled.

And although I've known each city,
I'd rather that was said of me
Than "He never knew the mountains
Well enough to name a tree!"

The Oakland Tribune.

A. Teresa Moore.

MYSTERY

Blue, star-decked skies;
How oft man sighs
And vainly tries,
Before he dies,
To learn what lies
Beyond those skies!

The Oakland Tribune.

Alice Gertrude Pogue.

THE BLUFFER

Up the gray granite hill
Where the juniper grows,
The brigand trail dodges
And hides as it goes.

The juniper crouches
Atop a gray stone,
His gnarled limbs as white
As seven bleached bones.

And he leers down the trail
From his hold in the sun,
A-squat like a thug
With an eye down his gun.

But I know he's a bluffer
Who nothing would harm,
For he cuddles a robin's nest
Close in his arm.

The Oakland Tribune.

—Athán David Cunningham.

THE ROADS TO YPRES

The roads that lead to Ypres town
Awaken memories
Of guns and limbers rattling down
Their avenues of trees,
Of regiments that swung along
Light-heartedly, with jest and song.

The aged Flemish peasant plies
His mattock leisurely
The larks are singing in the skies
To praise the summer day,
And far extending o'er the plain
Stretch endless plots of waving grain.

The hideous guns recoil at night,
Heaven is rent in twain;
The murd'rous shrapnel, in its flight,
Bursts vivid through the rain,
Where man and horse, 'neath shot and shell,
Breathe out a tender last farewell.

The roads to ruined Ypres town
Are fraught with memories
Of those who fought and won renown
In dark and anxious days,
Who held the passage to the sea
Against a ruthless enemy.

The Oakland Tribune.

Archibald Watson.

TO THE HILLS

Oh come with me to the hills
When the leaves are turning red,
Come where dawn triumphant spills
Over the mountains head,
And the broad warm morning stills
The soft primeval tread.

Oh come where the light slants down
Through trees that brush the sun,
There where floods of silence drown
The new and old are one,
And men and wheels and lights of town
Are not even begun.

The Oakland Tribune.

Ad. B. Schuster.

WINGED OMENS

Mauve dusk enshrouds the saffron west;
(I watch—alone.)

Soon fades the light from yon hill crest,
(May prayers atone!)

The nighthawk cleaves the darkling sky;
(My love—come home!)

His flight evades my questing eye.
(Must you still roam?)

Now blinks the sky with faint star-shine;
(Why did we part?)

Vouchsafe to me the Roman's sign.
(Chill grows my heart.)

The nighthawk calls loud to his mate;
(I call you—Dear.)

I listen for the voice of Fate . . .
(Do you not hear?)

Song omens answer from a-far;
(Joy wings above.)

Two swift shapes spiral toward a star.
(So comes my Love.)

The Oakland Tribune.

Minnie Faegre Knox.

LE ROI EST MORT

And shall I weep that Love's no more,
And magnify his reign?

Sure never mortal man before
Would have his grief again.

Farewell the long-continued ache,
The days a-dream, the nights awake,

I will rejoice and merry make,
And never more complain.

King Love is dead and gone for aye,
Who ruled with might and main,

For with a bitter word one day
I found my tyrant slain:

And he in Heathenese was bred,
Nor ever was baptized, 'tis said,

Nor is of any creed, and dead
Can never rise again.

The Ohio State Journal.

Agnes M. F. Duclaux.

JUST A SONG AT TWILIGHT

My neighbor plays a sweet and olden tune—
And as her fingers brush each gleaming key
Out here against the fragrant purple dusk,
Is borne a plaintive, throbbing melody.

In fancy once again I linger when
Another played for me "Loves old sweet song"—
And every tender vibrant thread of sound
Has lain a memory on my heart for long.

And as it wings its way across the night
Probing the hurt of bruised and broken years,
Above in heaven's canopy the stars
Are only misty prisms through my tears.

But when at early morn my neighbor calls,
Bidding me come her pansy blooms to see,
I bravely smile, for how is she to know
Each night her slender fingers torture me?

The Oregonian.

Blanche Logan O'Neil.

BUGLES

High bugles are storming my heart with their calling,
Until through the mist of a tear do I see;
All that fair beauty of wide level vista,
The blue nuns own hermitage, Villa Marie.

Its crooked old apple trees down in the orchard,
The shrine of Our Lady where lush creepers sway,
A shady old nook in the grove by the willows,
The court where the convent lies moss-grown and
gray.

I see the tall spires like angels' slim fingers,
Beckon my heart from the lure of the throng;
Its high-vaulted chapel where Love's living embers
Are fused into flame by the ghost of a song.

Slowly the tears 'neath my lashes are creeping,
Weighing past telling a heart fraught with pain;
Eager hands stretch o'er the distance in yearning,
While bugles of summer are calling again.

The Philadelphia Bulletin.

Anna M. Flaherty.

A MEMORY

Your peonies are pushing up again
All eagerly alert and listening
For your familiar footstep, knowing well
You've never failed to welcome them each spring.

Your white violas turn their wistful eyes,
Waiting expectantly beneath your sill,
With tender faces lifted, if perchance
Your heart may catch their quick enraptured thrill.

Your little wrens came winging home today,
Straight to the box you built for them last year;
Just as you hoped they would return, they came
To sing and sing, that haply, you may hear.

The Philadelphia Bulletin.

Anne M. Robinson.

HOME LIGHTS

In every little village, as darkness settles down,
Spring out the cheery home lights, like diamonds in a
crown.

In mansion and in cottage, in narrow streets or wide,
The twinkling lights of little towns
Shine brightly side by side.

Some light gay scenes of pleasure, where happiness is king;
Some shine from rooms of sorrow, some where young
mothers sing.

And, Oh, the whispering lovers who turn the soft lights
low,
And, Oh, the sick room's pallid gleam,
Where failing hearts beat slow;

While I, a homesick traveler, roaring swiftly by,
The twinkling little home lights, where tiny hamlets lie.
I watch their friendly beacons with heart and eyes aglow,
For, Oh, I'm speeding, speeding now
To where my home lights show.

The Philadelphia Bulletin.

Cora S. Day.

LOVERS

Three men say they love me;
Each in a different way
Tells his story to me,
Day after day.

One reads books of poems,
Where Love is the theme,
While the other tells me
"Love's a lovely dream."

But the third (and dearest)
Quietest of the three,
Tells more than the others
When he looks at me.

The Philadelphia Bulletin.

Rebecca Helman.

MUTE INTERCESSION

Here are pearls that I send you, each pearl is a tear
Of grief that you leave me, dear heart, dear heart;
Pale roses with perfume that brings you so near,
And red, flaming passion, I dare not impart.

Here are lilies, ethereal, white as your skin,
Chaste and serene as the pure soul of you;
Wood violets shy that were hidden within,
Velvety, dark, as your eyes of deep blue.

Daisies for innocence, fresh from the dew,
And pansies I send, that beseech you to ease
The ache in my heart. Ah, beloved may these
Plead for me mutely and sweetly to you.

The Philadelphia Bulletin.

Elizabeth E. Mills.

TALE OF THE ANTIQUES

What would my dear old treasures say, if they could speak
to me?

The clock upon the landing that has watched so soberly,
The brides come up and biers go down, loves, hates and
joys and tears,

Of the old mansion's habitants for full a hundred years,
Yet never changes countenance. One thing we know full
well,

Whate'er of romance it has seen, the clock will never tell.

And then the dainty glasses, all in festival array,
Set out to grace the feasting board on some glad holiday;
They wink at me with glinting lights, like little knowing
 smiles,
As they winked up at my fore-dames with the same en-
 chanting wiles.
The lips that kissed their crystal lips have changed to quiet
 clay,
And the goblets have a secret they will never give away.

The vast old bed, with fluted posts, that welcomes me at
 night,
The windsor by the tip-top stand that holds a candle
 bright;
The sofa, with its great winged feet and over curving arms,
The highboy's gleaming brasses and the mirror's gilded
 charms,
All hint to me of hidden tales, but keep them sacredly;
The glory of the ancient is its haunting mystery.

The Philadelphia Bulletin.

Rachel S. Bray.

WHO LIVES THERE NOW

I wonder who lives where I used to live
 In the little white house on the hill,
Where wistaria twines o'er the low kitchen door
 And shadows the scar-worn sill?

Do they love the glow of the evening lamp
 When dusk creeps over the day,
And find in the little room under the eaves
 The harbor where dream ships lay?

Do they play 'neath the apple tree's gnarled old arms
 And rest in its whispering shade,
And loiter in spring by the garden's edge
 To watch for each lily blade?

Who kneels for a breath of white violets now
 And banks them when winds blow chill—?
Oh, I wonder who lives where I used to live
 In the little white house on the hill?

The Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mae Norton Morris.

MEN OF THE BARNEGAT

Men of the Barnegat, hear the winds blowing,
Eager to go are your yachts trim and white,
Down to the sea, now the tides are returning.
Swiftly to carry you out past the Light.
Are there more trophies, more cups to be winning?
Feel you within that you've given your best?
See you the beauties of gold in the waters,
When off the Heights the sun sinks in the West?

Men of the Barnegat, white caps are breaking,
Round the small cat-boats now covered with spray.
Watch how they come, all sparkling in moonlight,
Dancing like snowdrifts, so soon on the way,
Tanned by the salt-air, yes, taut every muscle,
Captains you stand like the sailors of old.
All of their courage, their deeds, and their daring,
Down through the centuries still are untold.

Men of the Barnegat, hark, the gales calling,
Breakers are rolling close in on the shore.
Voices, of comrades lost, sailing the ocean,
Loudly they speak in the northeaster's roar.
Gone are the days of the two-masted schooner;
Gone are the crews of the old sailing ships.
Down in your hearts is there still admiration,
Reverent praise, for their deeds, on your lips.

The Philadelphia Inquirer.

Charles W. H. Bancroft.

LETTIE AND JOHN

Lettie and John lived on a mountain side,
On the very edge of time's slow moving tide.

They often sat by deepest-flowing spring
And viewed the marching centuries in the thing.

They walked out there beneath great-branching trees
And scanned the lofty heavens up thru these.

At night the stars came out in clearest sky,
To shine thru trees, their hopes to glorify.

They tilled the fragrant flowers at their door
And spent their days in living life the more.

They wrought in fields not far from their dear home
And sought less of the world in which to roam.

They reared ten children by the hardest toil
And kept themselves free from the world's turmoil.

They sang their songs before the cabin fire
And kept their souls clean of base desire.

They lived their lives upon the sloping sod
And surely found, in this true life, their God.

The Pineville Sun.

H. H. Fuson.

MY FIRST FISH

Once I went a fishin'
Where the willers were a swishin'
In the crick;
Sat a-waitin for a nibble,
When the bobber made a dribble
Mighty quick.

So I thought a whaler
Submarine er sailor
Stole the bait;
Swallowed hook an' bobber
Like a highway robber,
Couldn't wait.

So I yanked 'im in a hurry
Like the very, very Jerry
To the sky,
An' I tangled up my tackle
In the willers with a crackle,
Up so high.

Saw a pesky little minner
Had been caught a-eatin' dinner
On my hook;
Saw I'd splattered up my britches,
Felt my conscience rippin' stitches,
By the Brook.

So I got a little meller,
An' I threw the little feller
Back again;
Left my broken tackle tangled
In the willers all a-jangled,
There an' then.

Left my broken tackle hangin'
With my little heart a-bangin'
In my breast;
Went back weepin' home to mother
Who consoled me as none other—
Guess the rest.

The Plaindealer.

Henry Coffin Fellow.

HIS SHIP

He has a picture of a ship above his stately fireplace;
A wondrous, white-winged ship, plowing through a sea
of blue.

It is not emblematic of a home, or peace, or comfort,
And yet it fascinates him as nothing else can do.

On stormy nights he sits before his cozy, homey fireplace,
With warm, dry feet on cushioned stool, with pipe and
mug and book;

And wrapped in sensuous comfort, with the glowing fire-
light 'round him,

He gazes on the pictured ship, with hungry, yearning
look.

Full many a heart is held at home, with creature comforts
fettered,

Who fain would rove the stormy seas and brave the
fiercest gale;

Whose dreams are wilder, stranger yet, than those by poets
lettered,

But who are held by Duty's leash, to those they dare not
fail.

So he lives his life of comfort, with his soul forever crying
For the luring, magic ocean; but with bravely smiling lip
He sits before the fireplace, while the night wind storms
and rages,

And gazes at the picture of a wondrous, white-winged
ship.

The Port Arthur News.

Ethel Osborn Hill.

THE GUID SHEPHERD

Weel I kent that yon was a hireling,
For he left the puir sheep in the cauld;
Their bleatings sae waeful they tauld me,
That ane o' the sheep had been sold.
Anither wee mitherless lambie,
He let it gang lanely alang—
Weel I kent that yon was a hireling,
For a' o' the tending was wrang.
And the puir black sheep that the shepherd
Followed aft midst he tempest tae win,
Was aff and awa' owre the border
Sair steeped in the fell mire o' sin.
I kent that yon was a hireling;
Sich a puir bit excuse o' a mon;
The lambies tuk fricht as they spied him,
For the tartan was na' o' the clan.

The shepherd had faulded the lambie
Sae forfairn in the warmth o' his plaid,
And the cateran ne'er had crept near them,
His dirk wad' hae made him afraid.

Well I kent that yon was a hireling,
For he fled as the Guid Shepherd came—
Weel I kent that He was the Shepherd;
Each sheep cam' aroon at its name.
And aye, but he's richt sairly wounded;
Rent and stained is the plaid owre His breast,
And the puir black sheep, yet sae luveng,
As white as the snaw 'mangst the rest!
Weel I kent that He was the Shepherd—
He had trod where the waters were deep—
Its anely the Guid Shepherd luveth
And gieth His life for the sheep.

The Presbyterian.

Flora Cameron Burr.

GREENWOOD

Blow, ye soft wind, down from the hill,
And stir the leaves of tree and vine.
Smile kindly, Sun, with friendly touch
Upon this little plot of mine.
You do not see, nor can I see,
These folk who seem so quiet here
Beneath the green sward and the trees,
Beneath the blooms that hover near.

And yet we know, Sun, Wind and I,
That all these live, and joyously;
Earth cannot hold, nor great stones bar.
They do not sleep; they live, are free.
This that we mark is but a sign,
A symbol of the love we knew—
Yet—blow gently, Wind;
Smile kindly, Sun, beneath the blue.

The River Falls Times.

Harry Noyes Pratt.

HOW MISTRESS (CAPTAIN) ELIJAH DEWEY PRO- TECTED HER HOME DURING THE BATTLE

Capt. Elijah Dewey, son of the well-beloved Parson Dewey of Bennington, one of the two Bennington captains in the battle, and who afterward built the Walloomsac House which is still doing business; before going forth to battle in the morning, saddled a horse, put a pillion on its back, tied the horse to the yard fence, and told his wife that in case she heard bad news, to go to Wmstown with the baby and maid as quickly as possible. Later the maid rushed in with the news that the Red Coats had stolen the horse. Mrs. Dewey had no gun and no means of escape was left in case of the defeat of the Patriots. Then she had the maid bring in piles of wood and filled a big iron kettle with water which was soon boiling. As soon as the kettle began to boil, she stirred Indian meal into it and made hasty pudding. She next found a large syringe and squirted some of the boiling mass across the room to see how it worked. All day Mistress Dewey kept the pudding at a fierce heat and her squirtgun by her side.

When Captain Dewey marched
To fight that August day,
He left a saddled horse—
No matter if 'twas bay,
Or sorrel, roan or gray—
Hitched fast before his door
Wife, child and maid to take
And fly to Williamstown,
In case our ranks should break.

But soon rushed in the maid
And said the horse was gone;
No sign of any horse
To fly upon or on;
But madame didn't yawn,
She had some wood fetched in,
And pails of water brought,
And cocotte kettle soon
Was more than boiling hot.

"My dearest baby child,
What will become of you!
For if they win the fight
I know it's Bible true
They'll take you prisoner, too;
So bring the Indian meal
Before it is too late,
I'll make a gun 'twill shoot
A charge of pudding straight."

The pudding that she made
Was hot as molten lead;
She brought a squirtgun next
From out the woodhouse shed;
"I know 'twill shoot," she said,
Then aimed across the room
And hit the pictured King
Right on his curly locks,
As straight as anything.

"There! cried the Captain's wife,
"I'm glad his wig is spoiled;"
The maid danced up and down
As if her joints were oiled;
All day that kettled boiled,
All day she manned her gun,
And when night came again
That pudding made the mess
For Captain Dewey's men.

The Rutland Herald.

Daniel L. Cadý.

DEAD DAFFODILS

I made a compact with the daffodils
('Twas in a brighter and a better time.)
That as each year the spring her tryst should keep
To bid them welcome I would write a rhyme!

And, as year followed year I kept the faith
And when, close-pressing upon winter's hem
Came spring with rosy brown and spicy breath,
A little song I made to welcome them.

This year their yellow faces smiled again—
While winter lingered half irresolute—
But, oh, their charms appealed to me in vain,
My pulses stirred not and my muse was mute.

For I am older now . . . the wish to sing
Comes not so often as it used to do;
Dullness has fallen upon everything
And inspiration rarely pierces through.

The mist is white upon the April hills,
And in the groves the wood-birds gayly throng;
But they are dead—the faithful daffodils
And I have this year made for them no song!

The Rutland Herald.

Arthur Goodenough.

DOROTHY AND LYNETTE

These are my jewels twain, Dorothy and Lynette;
For them have I suffered the agony women can never
forget;
For them I have trembled, craven with pain, I who was
once so bold,
But oh! the joy, the joy,—that repays a thousandfold!

There is such joy in the seeking lips on my warm, pulsating
breast!

Dear God, among all women, why have I been so blest?
There is such rapture thrills me at the fluttering fingers'
touch!

At the droop of the drowsy eyelids!—Dear God, do I love
too much?

There have been those who loved as I, whose arms are
empty now,

Whose hearts must be cold within their breasts, who live;
but know not how.

No, no! such thoughts I must not think! But I will not
cease to pray.

Thou could'st not give such blessedness to snatch it, Lord,
away?

Two daughters I have borne, Dorothy and Lynette,
Sheltered and nurtured them near my heart, months I can
never forget.

I have had the utmost happiness, upon the heights have I
trod;

I have scaled the peaks of supreme delight, and so I thank
Thee, God.

The Salt Lake Tribune.

Maud Chegwidden.

THE TRAIL

Somewhere along the trail they sleep,
Dreamless, beneath the stars;
Somewhere the Romany faith they keep
Outside convention's bars;
Somewhere their campfire flickers low
To mark the way for me
That I may follow where they go
And all their visions see.
Somewhere the night is still and cold
And dew is on the grass;
Somewhere within their blankets rolled
While slow the shadows pass,
The followers of the summer day
Sleep underneath the sky.
And where their fires have blazed the way
I'll follow joyfully.

The Rutland Herald.

Frances Stockwell Lovell.

AUTUMN'S GRIEF

The hills seem such glad things today;
They have robed themselves in flagrant colors
Over their ordinary green;
They have surpassed themselves with loveliness,
And seem almost to flaunt their joy
In shades of burning orange, crimson, tan . . .

They are like a broken-hearted woman,
Who dons her brightest dress, assumes her gayest air
And laughs—almost hysterically—
That none may know the silence in her soul,
Nor guess the white hurt she must meet alone . . .
When those once charmed by her wit, her laughter,
Have turned away to seek new youth, new love . . .

The hills seem such glad things today—
To one who does not understand their heartbreak,
Nor catch beneath the music of their colors
The silence of the winter—just beyond.

The Salt Lake Tribune.

Christie Lund.

LYNETTE ASLEEP

There is nothing rarer in the old Earth's keeping,
Comelier or fairer than a baby sleeping;
Down-drooped petal eyelids, shepherding thereunder
Those almost too beautiful pools of azure wonder;
Silken sweep of lashes, confidently resting
On the cheek my bosom holds for tender nesting.

Almost I cease breathing, loving you so fiercely—
Loving you so tenderly, that my being scarcely
Can endure such beauty, or survive such rapture,
Deeply I must hide them for the soul's recapture,
Safely I must hoard them for the future's hunger,
When my futile fingers hold a babe no longer.

The Salt Lake Tribune.

Maud Chegwidden.

OPULENCE

She was so little and alone,
And her frail back so bent,
So poor and old; and that was why
To the County Home she went,
Thankful for warmth and food enough,
And where to lay her head,
And with her small, appealing smile,
"It's real nice here," she said.

And at the time of our Lord's birth,
We carried to her there
Twelve oranges, some little cakes,
A bright pin for her hair.
Her wrinkled hands caressed the box
The while she shook her head:
"Twelve oranges! all these for me?
Why, that's too much," she said.

The Salt Lake Tribune.

Maud Chegwidden.

TO A POET'S LADY

Though they say I'm skilled at rhyming—
(Hudibrastic slight of hand),
Tinkling words with bell-like chiming
Into lyric contraband.

Yet I know sad limitation,
(I whose meters always mete)
Which impairs improvisation,
Mixing bitter with the sweet.

Songs I've brewed of lilt and laughter,
Love and ecstasy sublime,
But I'm daft and getting dafter
Over one unconquered rhyme.

Do you ask, sweet maid and clever,
What this bafflement may be?
Well, 'twould vanish, dear, forever,
Could I make "you" rhyme with "me"!

The Santa Fe New Mexican.

S. Omer Barker.

AN OLD SALT SPEAKS

Ye landsmen, at your well-filled board,
With prayers upon your lips,
Ask no pity of the Lord
For men in ships!

Ye landsmen, speak your praising grace
For gifts that please you best.
A man, whose home is any place,
Is likewise blest.

Ye landsmen choose the hearthstone fire
And make of it a shrine;
A man is free to follow desire—
The sea is mine!

Ye landsmen! Only the heart decides
Where a home shall be—
The teeming towns or turning tides—
Thank God for the sea!

The Seattle Star.

Leo H. Lassen.

"THE LITTLE FELLOWS"

Why do they ever grow up,
The cute little fellows,
Teaching our voices to laugh
And our mouths to smile?
Why do they ever grow up
To leave our arms empty,
To leave our hearths silent?
Their baby days last a wee while.

Sand-pile hours and
Days when the feet go patter—
And oh, such laughable things
They do and they say . . .
Once saw a white butterfly
Moving his wings on a flower.
"Mother! He's flapping his ears
In the funniest way!"

Does anyone know if the
Garter-snakes ever wear garters?
"And the bridge folds up, like a
Jack-rabbit, doesn't it Dad?"
"Shirt-lights" shone on the sky
When the battleships anchored—
They bring a thousand moments
To make a day glad.

Games are such fun, with a
Young laugh that ripples like water.
They tangle the heartstrings,
And scatter the gloom afar.
Wee tots are Kings of All Fun—
(Oh, pity the childless!)
They are the Princes of Time,
And the Rulers of Are.

The Seattle Argus.

Helen Emma Maring.

MUSIC OF THE FOREST

When you camp in the high hills
And sit beside your camp fire
As the sun slips away
And night's purple curtain falls,
There will come to you,
Echoing out of the silence,
The soft notes of violins in the aspens,
The deep notes of cellos in the pines,
The joyous flutes of rushing streams,
The crashing drums of waterfalls,
The deep-throated tenor of the wolf,
The high soprano of the coyote,
The low bass of the night owl,
In an orchestral symphony.

The Sheridan Journal.

E. Richard Shipp.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

Poet and thinker and soldier,
And always the dreamer of dreams,
Rebel and statesman, pathfinder
Where humankind, lovingly streams.
Designer of laws and the molder
Of statutes for rich man and poor,
Never lived poet, or bolder
Or more unconcerned of his score.

Italy—land of the glimmer
Of sunlight that's angel-crown gold.
Italy—realm of the shimmer
Of seas like the morn-dew, yet old.
Italy—deathless in stories
Of Caesars and artists, rare throng—
Still one is singing your glories,
And O how enchanting his song!

Gabriele! who taught you numbers?
The gods on the peaks, I surmise.
Who roused your beauties from slumbers,
Who held the charm for your eyes?
Lover and poet and ever
Dreamer and lover again;
Prophet of God, and man's brother—
Losing, you triumph and win.

The Sioux City Journal.

Will Chamberlain.

MOTHER WANTS YOU

When Recollection in the night
Unlocks the past with specter fingers,
And brings some bygone scene to light—
Some song that in your memory lingers—
No other sound, or scent, or scene
So stirs your laggard pulse, so haunts you,
As that commanding call, I ween,
"Jimmie-e-e, come home, now Mother wants you!"
O sound to mar a perfect day!
O summons not to go unheeded!
It called to duty, ended play,
And told of garden to be weeded.
And yet, what joy you'd feel to hear
Once more that call which vaguely taunts you
Come floating to your lonely ear—
"Jimmie-e-e, come home, for Mother wants you!"

And when your trembling soul shall stand
Alone before the heavenly portal,
No worldly treasure in your hand,
Stripped bare of rank and honors mortal,
What soothing music to your ear,
To rout the fears and doubts that daunt you,
If it shall be your lot to hear
"Jimmie, come home, your Mother wants you."

Sioux City Journal.

George H. Free.

IN RETROSPECT

All things are black in retrospect
Because our shadows paint them so.
The light is far ahead of us
And as we walk our shadows grow.

But we come closer to the light
And all the peace it sheds on us—
The peace that leaves the shadows grow
Behind us tall, mysterious.

The Springfield Republican.

Raymond Kresensky.

LOVER

Welcome spring joyfully,
Witch that she is,
Offering freely
Incredible bliss.

Fondle her loveliness,
Crush to your lips
Her wild-cherry beauty,
Her rose fingertips.

The Springfield Republican.

Anne M. Robinson.

'S DEATH!

In days of yore, when knights were flip,
And waved a hasty sword,
They cried "'S death!" and other lip,
When they were slightly bored.

The horses pranced, the music blared,
The populace was thrilled.
It seemed the lady little cared
Which of the brutes was killed.

The conqueror by God was blessed,
His honor thus was proved.
The blushing damsel swift confessed
'Twas he she always loved.

THEM were the days, but WERE is right;
The caveman, too, has gone.
Dames of today have more of might—
'Tis they select their John.

They see a man—a comely man—
A-walking down the lane . . .
As sand bags are the latest fad,
So falls another swain!

The gentlemen should know their place,
Nor stick to history.
What fitted in with swords and lace
Today would disagree.

My lady chooses if she can—
And if she can't, content
She leads her life much as a man
On other int'rests bent.

The Springfield Union.

F. A. R.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Long years ago, the Pilgrims gave a feast,
To show their gratitude to the Most High;
And as their songs rose to the listening sky,
All worshipped there—the greatest and the least.

Grandsire and matron, maiden and the child
Of tenderest years were welcome at the board;
And as they heard the Name by all adored
With joy and song was every heart beguiled.

The Indian Chieftain, there a welcome guest,
Witnessed their rites, and shared the dainties all:
Well might the sight of the savage heart enthrall
These Pale-Face brethren sharing of their best.

Long years ago—those centuries have flown,
And well may we their virtues emulate—
They recognized kinship with the low and great
And that their Lord the universe doth own.

So, on Thanksgiving Day each year,
Let every race be honored in thy thought,
As having to them come the Eternal Sire, Who
sought
To bring abiding peace upon the sphere.

The Springfield Union.

William K. Palmer.

MOTHER

Sunday, May Eighth, is Mother's Day. In this whirling life it is an easy matter to forget Mother even though Mother is always thinking about you. A bouquet of flowers, a box of candy or a little card will make Mother feel that she is not out of it yet. Boys, I often wish that I had done a little more of what I'm urging you to do.
DO IT NOW.

Putterin' 'round in the hollyhocks,
Sunbonnet coverin' your silv'ry locks,
MOTHER.

Restin' a bit on your garden hoe.
Breakin' the soil so the flowers can grow,
MOTHER.

Bucket o' water you brought from the sink,
Out in the yard so the birds can drink,
MOTHER.

Pluckin' a rose in the mornin' dew,
Happy it is to come to you,
MOTHER.

Wrinkled hands so drawn and tight,
That tucked in the sheet when she kissed me
goodnight."

MOTHER.

Lips that have smiled thru the passin' years,
Lips that have kist me 'n dried my tears,
MOTHER.

Voice as soft as a summer sky,
That crooned me to sleep with a Lullabye,
MOTHER.

Eyes that sparkle tho' shine not far,
Twinklin' 'n bright like an evenin' star
MOTHER.

Withered and bent with the weary miles,
Face that is wreathed in sunny smiles,
MOTHER.

What did you care when I reached no fame?
Just so I squarely played the game,
MOTHER.

Little had I but youth and health,
"But these, My son," you said "are wealth,"
MOTHER.

Whatever is good in the things I do,
Will come from the lessons I've learned from you,
"MOTHER."

The Sovereign Visitor.

W. E. Soloman.

SEA SORCERY

There is something strange, something wild,
In the blood of one like me,
Who, all of her days, all of her nights,
Has lived by the edge of the sea.

There is something that stirs, trembles, and beats,
Like the flutter of sea-bird wings,
And an aching yearn that wakes and cries,
When the sea-wind races and sings.

There is something that never will know content,
That never will sleep or rest
Until I am dead and the soul of me
Drifts out to the sea's white breast.

The State.

Ellen M. Carroll.

THE MASTER

We are the lowly—the healthy but humble.

We level the mountain and dig out the ditch,
We travel in grooves where we painfully stumble.
We hang on the mood and the whim of the rich.

We are the lowly—the draftsmen and dreamers
Who silently ponder on Order and Grace.
So that Beauty may follow the path of the schemers
When Time has adjusted the speed of the race.

So that one may go forth on a whirlwind of pleasure,
A thousand must languish in slavery's chains;
For the mite of the many fills slowly the measure
We build of our industry, patience and brains.

We who toil do not envy the right of the Master
To levy his tribute from us who obey.
When the Spender is spending, the cloud of disaster
Is only a shadow that lurks far away.

When the Master is dropping the fruit of our labor,
And scatters his bounty in prodigal style
We portion the seeds with a friend or a neighbor,
And straighten our shoulders and venture to smile.

But the Master is human and subject to panic.
Obsessions may cause him to shrink in his shell.
Then the seeds do not fall; and the impulse galvanic
Is lost and our lives are the ultimate Hell.

The Tampa Morning Tribune. *William V. V. Stephens.*

THE LOST FLIERS—NUNGESSER AND COLI

I heard the motors roar, I saw the take-off and the rise;
I felt the rush of wind beneath the wings
And upward raised my eyes . . .
You cleft the clouds . . . you rode the trackless air—
A strange and shining star.
A meteor shot from fields of France
To span a distant shore.

. . . I drooped my head to cup my hands
Against my eyes.
'Tis a moment all my life
I shall be sorry for ! !
For in that moment you had left the world and me
And though I heard a faint hum
Drifting from those hills of mist—
And though I strained my eyes through tears
To film a glimpse of you
I could not see . . .
I knew that you were gone.

... All my days I shall be listening now
Heart-startled with every plane I hear.
With every little sound like engines from afar.
But always, it is just a gust of wind . . .
Or the throbbing of the Sphinx-like sea
Beneath a lonely and impervious sky.

The Toledo Blade.

Isabelle Elling.

MEMORIES

Who was it always took my place
When Sis and I would quarrel?
Who always said my hair was "brown"
When others dubbed it sorrel?
Who made me ginger cooky-boys
Nor counted it a trouble?
And when I snagged my bran-new pants,
Who darned 'em, good-and-double?
Who was it always stood my friend
Nor counted it an error
To let the whole creation know
I wasn't "such a terror"?
No matter what my naughty pranks,
I still remained her "Lambie":
Here is my heart's deep gratitude,—
My faithful

Old

Black

Mammy!

The Tyler Journal.

Mary S. Fitzgerald.

DE CONJUR MAN

De conjur-man libes on our street
In a hut half hid by a libe-oak tree;
By day I passes wid cautious feet,
But night-time quicked 'ner a honey bee
Flyin' to de hibe—cause black cats stray
From out de shadows, an' great big bats
Keep ziggin' round from dark twell day.

De conjur-man sells a hoo-doo charm—
A red rag, bloody, and wropped inside
Is a piece of bone from a ooman's arm,
De dorg-tooth from a man what died
By hangin' hisself, some grabe-yard dirt,—
An' de Lawd hep him who finds dis charm
Tied to his do' to do him hurt.

I knowed a ooman what bought a charm
To keep her man from de sins of youf,
An' lessen fo' days come a powerful storm,
De ribber riz, an' sure as God's truf,
Dey foun' her man and a black gal daid,
An' a great big buzzard a'trying his bes'
To pluck de eyes from de daid man's haid.

I knowed a man what slipped right in
De conjur-house, like a sneakin' houn',
An' bought a charm to wreck or win
A plump brown gal what turned him down.
Two days . . . she daid . . . an' dat's a fac';
Dorgs howl all night, an' buzzards purched
Top of de roof of de daid gal's shack.

I'se done stop leavin' my house at night
Cause de conjur-man am wizard-wise;
He hides hisself when de sun shines bright,
But he struts at night, an' his moonlit eyes
Don' miss nothin'. Shu!— I don plan
Ter move offen dis street on my next pay day . . .
Away from de eyes of de conjur-man!

The Virginian-Pilot.

John Richard Moreland.

FUTILITY

He loved all curving lines upon a page
For hours a map would hold his eyes spellbound,
Long winding roads and highways always found
His gaze. His contemplating eye would gage
The distant miles. Calmly he would assuage
His weary mind by a well thought out scheme
Of busy mill upon some hurrying stream,
And smile to watch the war that strong lines wage.
And so his life he moulded like a plot
Of ground. His every way was planned
And cut in parcels like a city plot . . .
But life can not be measured off like land;
Within a mad-house now beyond recall
He traces broken lines along the wall.

The Virginian-Pilot.

May Brinkley.

IN A SUMMER WOOD

I saw my love today
In the swing of a young doe's stride,
I glimpsed her briefly once
In a coach-whip's sinuous glide,
I spied her in the glint
On a terrapin's wet, green back,
And I found the contour of her breasts
In a grey fox's track.

The Virginian-Pilot.

B. P. Harriss.

TREASURES

While life is at the springtime
I shall garner many things—
The song that in the morning
A joyous redbird sings,
The perfume of the lilacs
That the sighing south-wind brings;
The softly silken shimmer
Of a field of young green corn—
The web a spider stretches
All dew-wet upon the thorn,
Long, slanting, lacy shadows
And the grass which they adorn.

The Virginian-Pilot.

Edith Tatum.

LINDBERGH AND NUNGESSER

A lad alone
While sea gulls cry,
A ceaseless drone
Through the empty sky.

A phantom plane
With a death-born guide,
Through mist and rain
At the youngster's side.

Now one ship glides
To earthly praise,
But the other rides
Where the comets blaze.

The Washington Post.

Catherine Cate Coblenz.

ANITA WHITNEY

The conviction of Charlotte Anita Whitney for violation of the California syndicalism law was held valid by the Federal Supreme Court on May 16, 1927. Facing a one-to-fourteen-year sentence, she said: "I have done nothing to be pardoned for."

If, in an over zealous moment the beam was tipped,
And perhaps, one drop of the forbidden cup was sipped,

Let us ken the years she grew the grape to make good wine,
To share with her brother man, with a comradie Divine.

These seven years, hath she not passed between harsh prison
walls?
And hath not hate, and greed, and jealousy made their
calls—

Hourly, to wreak their vengeance on this brave woman's
soul?
Shall we let these gorged maddened demons take further
toil?

Shall we add our strength to these clever bewitching lies
That have so bewildered, and taxed minds both good and
wise?

They have strangled and smothered thought, from pave-
ment to the Bench?

Shall we make of love and justice a by word, and a stench?

Nay; if we add to seven years of pain, San Quentin's
gloom—

California, California, 'tis our Doom.

The Wasp.

Helen Wilde Alexander.

YOSEMITE

How mighty are the temples of God's Citadel! How
grand this rhapsody.

I

To stand and thus behold thee! God's picture-land aglow!
My heart swings forth in praise-song to Him Who made
it so!

That sense of rare sublimity! Enduring mural scheme!
That canvas from an Artist-Hand with mystery agleam!

II

'Tis just one grand communion! An altar do I build!
My offering upon it! My being rapture-thrilled!
I sing a pean to His praise! 'Tis interval of prayer!
A thrush bursts forth in melody as if to join me there!

III

Oh land of poignant sweetness! Oh land of eerie heights!
Oh land of Royal Purple with your throbbing mystic
nights

And oh, this awful majesty! This sense of Will and Power!
My cup of life seems full to brim in this majestic hour!

IV

'Tis Mountain of the Infinite! Placed by A Builder's Hand!
Yosemite! Yosemite! God's fair enthralled land!
I view the clouds in splendor of melting gold in blue—
Midst radiance of setting sun with purple shining through!

V

A shower of emerald "star-dust" with molten red
between—
A vision filled with witchery—by Master Hand Supreme!
The afterglow of sunset—the soft and mellow light—
In shadows gray and gossamer—invoke the veil of night.

VI

The scented air diaphanous—the crickets' serenade—
The silence in the Valley—the wraith within the glade—
The flitting of the blue jays—the curling ghost-smoke-
wreaths

Just wake me to remember 'Tis the Land Ah-wah-nee-chees.

The Wasp.

Mrs. N. Lawrence Nelson.

THE PIONEER OF THE AIR

I'm the buoyant, agile and free
Final craft of the Powers that Be;
And I swoop and I swerve,
And I circle and curve—
I'm the ship of the Uppermost Sea.
With my white sails outspread, and my prow
Pointing high o'er the luminous brow
Of the cloud mountains, I
Cleave my way through the sky;
I'm the marvel of Nineteen-and-now.

*Wings—to keep time to the breeze as it sings
Songs of adventure and quest:
Tail—to disport with the tempest or gale—
Ho, for the East and the West!*

I'm the sum of the deeds Man has done,
I'm the substance of victories won;
The vague dream of the vast
Many centuries past—
And the *fact* of the one now begun.
And the sunshiny air-billows, whirled
Right and left by my swift keel and curled
Into vaporous spray,
One by one fall away
O'er the farthestmost rim of the world.

*Wings—to give hail to the breeze as it brings
Word of wet weather or drought:
Tail—to wigwag to the tempest or gale—
Ho, for the North and the South!*

I'm the scion of races outworn,
I'm the sire of great peoples unborn;
And my scintillant wake
Is the path Man must take—
As he travels from midnight to morn.
For my white sails outspread, and my prow
Pointing high o'er the luminous brow
Of the cloud mountains steep,
Find a way through the deep;
I'm the marvel of Nineteen-and-now.

*Wings—to give heed to the breeze as it brings
Promise of worst or of best:
Tail—to take care of the tempest or gale—
Ho, for the East and the West!*

The Week.

James Ball Naylor.

BOOM-BOSS DINEHART

When there comes high West Branch water
Lapping at the Reading tracks,
There returns Big Boom-boss Dinehart
With his double-bitted axe.

Fifteen miles of log-packed river;
Flood, bank-full—and rain—
Leaping saw-logs, piling higher,
Straining every crib and chain.

All the Boom-rats leave the boom-sticks;
Every log, a battering ram—
In mid-river Boom-boss Dinehart
Cuts the key-log—breaks the jam.

When there comes high West Branch water
Roaring past the Reading tracks,
On the flood rides Boom-boss Dinehart
With his double-bitted axe.

The Williamsport Sun.

Clarence L. Peaslee.

CIRCLES

Last Monday we went to his office;
A scant half-month he'd been dead—
On the desk was his pipe—and some ashes;
Dust lay on the last book he'd read.

In a funny round box he had treasured
Quaint keep-sakes and fond worthless things—
His picture—when he was a youngster,
Some beads, and a watch, and two rings.

The heart knows that losses and profits
Grow vain with the turn of the years,
And he'd learned, in his dingy old office,
That treasures are memories and tears.

New tenants stood out in the hallway,
Three valiant and eager young men—
Little they dreamed that the circle
Was starting all over again.

The Williamsport Sun.

Clarence L. Peaslee.

HIS HANDS

The Hands of Christ
Seem very frail
For they were broken
By a nail.

But only they
Reach Heaven at last
Whom these frail, broken
Hands hold fast.

The Williamsport Sun.

John R. Moreland.

LOVE'S CHALICE

The rose is like the chalice of the heart.
Holding within its depth a fragrant wine
Soon lost when the frail petals fall apart—
The rose is symbol of your heart and mine.

The Williamsport Sun.

Elizabeth Voss.

NO REHEARSALS

In Birth, there are no rehearsals—
The gasp and the cry are in vain;
No role is assigned to the foundling;
He is left to the wind and rain.

In Life, there are no rehearsals—
It's the Big Show from the start,
And youth and age strut down the stage
With no chance to learn the part.

In Death, there are no rehearsals—
The sigh and the sob are in vain;
The stage is dark when the foundling soul
Goes back to the wind and rain.

The Williamsport Sun.

Clarence L. Peaslee.

"QUID RIDES!"

Why should she be restrained, refined,
With power and money hers?
The "boot-leg rich" of womenkind,
Why should she be restrained, refined,
She keeps her empty vulgar mind
In limousine and furs.
Why should she be restrained, refined,
With power and money hers?

The Williamsport Sun.

May Folwell Hoisington.

THE CRY OF YOUTH AND AGE

"Is it worth while to stay?
Can I ever be gay?"
Asked a man to the waves of the sea,
"I had dreams and ambitions in youth,
They have faded with undisguised truth!"
And the sea whispered back, "That story is old to me."

"Is it worth while to stay?
Can I ever be gay?"
Asked a girl to the waves of the sea,
"I have watched for a lover so long—
I thought he would come—I was wrong!"
And the sea whispered back, "That story is old to me."

"Is it worth while to live?
Can I ever forgive?"
A mother inquired of the sea,
"Long years have I cared for my son,
He has failed me—now my life is done!"
And the sea whispered back, "That story is old to me."

"Is it worth while to live?
Can I ever forgive?"
A lover inquired of the sea,
"For my love chose a scion with gold
And an emptiness gnaws at my soul!"
And the sea whispered back, "That story is old to me."
The Williamsport Sun. *Lottabel Bird.*

"SUNSET AND EVENING STAR"

Earth is forever lovely! Woods are bare
And fields are barren but a sunset tide
Of crimson floods my spirit: swift I ride
In regal robes to battle mid the blare
Of trumpets—all the legions of the air
Mine to command. Their banners streaming wide,
They sweep through heaven in gold and purple pride
To smite the hosts of doubt and of despair.
Now twilight steals across the sky, the splendour—
The flame—of conflict fades and tumults cease,
A quiet falls unutterably tender,
Fulfilled of all compassion and of peace,
While, healing pain and heartache and affliction,
The Evening star sheds silent benediction.
The Williamsport Sun. *Mary Sinton Leitch.*

IN OTSEGO

(Otsego County, N. Y., is famed for its historic and romantic associations, its Village of Cooperstown, and Otsego Lake, immortalized as "Glimmer Glass" in the Leather-Stocking Tales of James Fenimore Cooper.)

The grasses nowhere grow so green,
As in Otsego;
The hills are nowhere so serene,
As in Otsego;
The skies are nowhere half so blue
And lake nowhere casts such a hue
And nowhere hearts beat quite so true,
As in Otsego.

There is nowhere a land so sweet,
As in Otsego;
Where storied past and present meet,
As in Otsego;
The corn shocks in the autumn haze
Are wigwams of old Indian days
When Natty trod the forest ways,
In Old Otsego.

I've wandered far in distant lands,
Far from Otsego;
I've joined my strength with stranger hands,
Far from Otsego;
Yet when my time has come to die,
Just take me back and let me lie
Close to the pine-capped hill-tops high,
In Old Otsego.

The Williamsport Sun.

Clarence L. Peaslee.

THEN CHERRIES

(HOKKU)

Pink blossoms blooming,
Wonder of Nature and God,
Then red, red cherries.

The Williamsport Sun.

Cornelia Brandreth.

A PICTURE

(TANKA)

FUJIYAMA'S cap
Glistens like a diamond
against the pale sky.
The lake, far below, reflects
The image of this jewel.

The Williamsport Sun.

Elizabeth Sanger.

THANKSGIVING

Yea, be thankful, O my Country!
Yet, repentant, humble, prayerful.
In prosperity be mindful
That the Truth oft doth admonish.
Love forewarns,—with Faith imploring,—
Barter not for Gold or Silver
Thy fair heritage and birthright.
Let false honor not misguide thee;
Yield to no ingrate obsession;
Be not blind to lurking perils;

Make no covenant with traitors;
Watch the foes within thy borders;
Purge thy soul of all irreverence;
Check the course of gross blasphemers;
Humbly kneel before Jehovah,
And confess, and seek forgiveness,—
Asking for the Higher Wisdom;
Pledging with enlightened valor
Justice to th' Oppressed and Helpless,—
Mercy to the Little Children;
To the Youth, True Education
Giving life its higher values,
Robbing not the struggling spirit
Of its Hopes and its Ambitions,
Teaching life is base and wanton.

Yea, be thankful, O my Country,
For the Conscience of our Fathers,—
Well-attuned to growing Knowledge;
For the hopes of Youth, courageous;
For brave Motherhood, devoted;
For the Mighty Tasks impending,—
Challenging a Holy Purpose
And a Will divine, undaunted,—
Justice everywhere demanding,
Tempered with diviner Mercy!

Yea, my Country, Great, Beloved,—
Be thou reverently thankful,
Praiseful, generous, and faithful,—
Faithful to the Vision Holy
Born within thy thoughtful bosom
And of contemplative Ages
Of a Righteous, Love-moved People
Bound in Fellowship Eternal,—
Broad as Earth, and high as Heaven!

Be thou thankful. Be thou faithful!
Be thou watchful! Be thou earnest!
Never of the Truth neglectful;
Dutiful, and therefore blessed,
In thy Loyalties fulfilling
All the Hopes of Loyal People,
And the Dreams of Holiest Sages.
Then dare say, "Our God is with us!"
Love's "IMMANUEL," forever!

The Westminster Times.

Herbert Taylor Stephens.

NEWSPAPER INDEX

I wish to express my gratitude and obligations to the following publishers and authors for the material used in this book:

THE ALBANY DEMOCRAT-HERALD, Albany, Oregon.	
A Norse Lad, <i>Oscar H. Roesner</i> _____	9
What It Has Brought, <i>Oscar H. Roesner</i> _____	9
Mr. Roesner was born in Denver, Colo. Educated at the State Normal School, Chico, Calif., and the University of California. His interests are poetry, sociology, hunting and fishing. Writer and farmer. Home, Live Oak, Calif.	
THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION, Atlanta, Ga.	
Requiem for Lost Aviators, <i>Daniel Whitehead Hicky</i>	10
THE AMERICAN HEBREW, New York, N. Y.	
The Ancient Spirit, <i>Emanuel Blum</i> _____	10
Quo Vado?, <i>Emanuel Eisenberg</i> _____	11
BELLA VISTA BREEZES, Bentonville, Ark.	
Went Fishin' Me and Ma, <i>Henry Coffin Fellow</i> _____	13
THE ARKANSAS GAZETTE, Little Rock, Ark.	
The Mad Outlaw, <i>Lydia Comburst</i> _____	11
Flight of the Blackbirds, <i>C. T. Davis</i> _____	12
Mr. Davis was made Poet Laureate of Arkansas by an act of the State Legislature in 1924.	
THE ATHOL TRANSCRIPT, Athol, Mass.	
Roosevelt, <i>Edwin Gordon Lawrence</i> _____	13
THE BLACKWELL TRIBUNE, Blackwell, Okla.	
On Parade, <i>George E. Wright</i> _____	14
THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT, Boston, Mass.	
Fading Skies, <i>Washington Van Dusen</i> _____	15
Mr. Van Dusen is Chief Clerk United Gas Improvement Company. His poems have a wide circulation. Home, Philadelphia, Pa.	

My Squirrel Friend, <i>Elizabeth Voss</i>	15
---	----

Mrs. Voss was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. Educated in Parochial and Boarding Schools. Author of three volumes of verses, *The Lord's Voice, Love Brings a Gift of Melodies*, and *Poems*. Home, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE BUFFALO EXPRESS, Buffalo, N. Y.

Saint Patrick and the Shamrock, <i>Phoebe A. Naylor</i> __	16
Cavalcade, <i>Mary Q. Laughlin</i>	16
'Tis Good To Know I'm Irish, <i>John S. Ormsby</i>	17

THE BURLINGAME ADVANCE, Burlingame, Calif.

None May Boast, <i>Senor Don Miguel</i>	17
---	----

THE BRATTLEBORO DAILY REFORMER, Brattleboro, Vt.

My Birthday, <i>Arthur Goodenough</i>	18
---	----

Mr. Goodenough was born in Brattleboro, Vt. Farmer and writer. Author *Songs of Four Decades*. Residence, West Brattleboro, Vt.

THE CEDAR RAPIDS GAZETTE, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Iowa, <i>Lewis Worthington Smith</i>	19
To Sleeping Field Creatures in Autumn, <i>Jay G. Sigmund</i>	20

Mr. Sigmund was born at Waybeek, Iowa. He is Vice-President Cedar Rapids Life Insurance Co. Poet and short story writer. Residence, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, Boston, Mass.

An Answer, <i>Helen Emma Maring</i>	20
---	----

Helen Emma Maring (Mrs. Theo. B. Samsel) was born in Seattle, Wash. Editor *Muse and Mirror*, a journal of verse. Home, Seattle, Wash.

THE CHICAGO NEWS, Chicago, Illinois.

White Dancer, <i>Natalie Flohr</i>	21
--	----

Natalie Flohr was born in Blumenau, Brazil, S. A. Educated at Lewis Institute, Chicago, Ill. Teacher and secretary. Home, River Forest, Ill.

Declaration for the New Year, <i>Adrienne</i>	21
---	----

THE CHICAGO EVENING POST, Chicago, Ill.	
Riches, <i>Charles A. Heath</i>	21
Mr. Heath was born in Stockbridge, Mass. Graduate Williams College, 1882. Home, Chicago, Ill.	

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE, Chicago, Ill.	
(From R. H. L.'s "A Line O' Type or Two")	
The Exile, <i>Donfarran</i>	22
The Mesa Wind Blows Soft, <i>Colorado Pete</i>	22
To One Who Goes Away, <i>Donfarran</i>	23
Sheridan's Road, <i>MacKinlay Kantor</i>	23
Wood, <i>MacKinlay Kantor</i>	24

THE CINCINNATI TIMES-STAR, Cincinnati, Ohio.	
A Beech, <i>Rebecca Riesner</i>	25
Golf, <i>Martha A. Cordes</i>	26
I Shall Light Candles, <i>B. Y. Williams</i>	27
Leitmotif, <i>Ann Green</i>	27
Lindbergh, <i>George Elliston</i>	28
Miss Elliston was born at Mt. Sterling, Ky. Educated at Covington, Ky. On staff of Times-Star. Her poems are widely copied. Home, Mt. Sterling, Ky.	
My Goal, <i>Ruth Markley Buchannan</i>	28
The Keepsake, <i>Georgia D. Valentiner</i>	29
Two Gamblers, <i>J. W. Whitehouse</i>	29

THE COLUMBUS DISPATCH, Columbus, Ohio.	
Christmas Tree, <i>C. B. Galbreath</i>	29
(Copyright, by permission of Author)	
Faith, <i>Tessa Sweazy Webb</i>	32
Golden Glow, <i>Mildred Schanck</i>	33
Pansies, <i>Helen Myra Ross</i>	33
Things Olden, <i>Helen Smales</i>	33

THE COMMONWEAL, New York, N. Y.	
An Old Face, <i>L. M. Montgomery</i>	34
Clipper Ships, <i>Robert N. Rose</i>	34

THE DALLAS NEWS, Dallas, Texas.	
Blue Gentians, <i>Berta Hart Nance</i>	35
Miss Nance was born in Shackelford County, Texas. For many years she has contributed to magazines and news- papers. Her home is in Albany, Texas.	

THE DAVENPORT TIMES, Davenport, Iowa.

Griselda, <i>E. Leslie Spaulding</i>	35
--	----

THE DESERET NEWS, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Brigham, The Pioneer, <i>Minnie Johnson Hardy</i>	36
The Great Organ, <i>Carlton Culmsee</i>	37
The Road That Takes Me Home, <i>Edith Cherring-</i> <i>ton</i>	37
My Star, <i>Myron E. Crandall</i>	38
Thoughts, <i>Hattie Critchlow Jensen</i>	38

THE DETROIT NEWS, Detroit, Mich.

Ballad of the Ancient Skier, <i>Elmer C. Adams</i>	39
Hunter's Song, <i>Elmer C. Adams</i>	39
Rendezvous, <i>Helen Janet Miller</i>	40

Miss Miller was born in Tuscola County, Mich. Her poems are meeting with the approval of the leading publications of the country. Home, River Rouge, Mich.

THE DOTHAN EAGLE, Dothan, Ala.

An Easter Prayer, <i>Scottie McKenzie Frasier</i>	41
Great Souls, <i>Scottie McKenzie Frasier</i>	41

Mrs. Frazier has met with success on the lecture platform and in the field of literature. She is the author of a number of books of verse, and has made the Anthology of Newspaper Verse each year from the beginning of publication. Home, Dothan, Ala.

THE DUBUQUE TELEGRAPH, Dubuque, Iowa.

At Echo Out in Utah, <i>Margarette Ball Dickson</i>	42
---	----

Mrs. Dickson was born in Little Rock, Iowa. Member of faculty Valparaiso University. Residence, Vermillion, S. Dak.

THE ENID MORNING NEWS, Enid, Okla.

Clouds, <i>Emilie Zesiger Blattler</i>	42
Memories, <i>Mineffa Cale Knapp</i>	43

FLOYD'S SELF-MASTER, Union, N. J.

I've Never Seen a Pine Bow Down, <i>Carl Magg</i>	44
---	----

THE GAELIC-AMERICAN, New York, N. Y.

Magic, <i>Mary Davis Reed</i>	44
-------------------------------------	----

THE HARTFORD TIMES, Hartford, Conn.

Hearts Desire, *Florence Van Fleet Lyman*..... 45

Mrs. Lyman's interests are literature, floral gardening, golf and social service. Author of books on flower culture. Home, Longmeadow, Mass.

The French Aviators, *J. W. Harper*..... 45

THE HOLLYWOOD CITIZEN, Hollywood, Calif.

Submission, *Frederick M. Steele*..... 46

THE HONOLULU STAR-BULLETIN, Honolulu, Hawaii.

To One Leaving the Bright Islands, *Clifford Gessler*.. 47

THE INDEPENDENT, Kansas City, Mo.

The Man on Cherry Street, *Henry Polk Lowenstein*... 47

Mr. Lowenstein was born in Monroe County, Tenn. He is an attorney-at-law. His poems have appeared in the Anthology of Newspaper Verse from the first issue. Residence, Kansas City, Mo.

THE INDIANAPOLIS STAR, Indianapolis, Ind.

A Flight to Youth, *Lynas Clyde Seal*..... 48

Mr. Seal is known as the "Flower Poet of Indiana." He is author of "Songs of a Lifetime," and "Garden of Song." Interests are flowers and poetry. Home, Columbus, Indiana.

THE JACKSONVILLE JOURNAL, Jacksonville, Ill.

High Church, *John Kearns*..... 49

John Kearns is a native of Illinois, and a graduate of Illinois College (Jacksonville, Illinois) and at present literary editor of the Jacksonville Daily Journal and a member of the faculty of the College of Music of Illinois Woman's College. In college he was editor of the college paper and the college annual. Subsequently at different times he was reporter and dramatic editor of the St. Louis Daily Chronicle, special writer for the Marshall (Texas) Messenger, and advisory editor of the American Poetry Magazine. Writes verse, stories, plays, reviews and his hobby is writing and directing romantic and historical pageants.

THE JEWISH TRIBUNE, New York, N. Y.

O, How Could I have Known?, *Silvia Margolis*..... 49

On the Arizona Desert, *Leo Edward Schottland*..... 50

Sabbath Light, *Ruth Morse*..... 50

Salome, <i>Benjamin Musser</i>	50
Wedded, <i>Philip M. Raskin</i>	51

THE KANSAS CITY STAR, Kansas City, Mo.

Aftermath, <i>Lowe W. Wren</i>	51
--------------------------------------	----

Mr. Wren is a free-lance writer. He was born in Axtell, Kansas. His poems appear in the leading newspapers and magazines. Home, Kansas City, Mo.

Boulder, <i>Richard Ghormley Eberhart</i>	51
---	----

Mr. Eberhart was educated at Dartmouth College, and in Cambridge (England). He won the Arts Prize at Dartmouth for the best poem. His poems have appeared in many poetry journals. His home is in Chicago, Ill.

The Editor's Room, <i>Sophie E. Redford</i>	52
---	----

To the Skylark, <i>Henry Polk Lowenstein</i>	52
--	----

LA FOLLIA DI, New York, N. Y.

Alliance, <i>Peter A. Lea</i>	53
-------------------------------------	----

THE LEWISTON DEMOCRAT-NEWS, Lewiston, Mont.

The Lost Aviator, <i>Florence Wallin</i>	53
--	----

THE LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL, Louisville, Ky.

Lonely Places, <i>Kalfus Kurtz Gusling</i>	54
--	----

THE MEMPHIS COMMERCIAL-APPEAL, Memphis, Tenn.

The Thunder Bird, <i>J. F. Darroh</i>	54
---	----

THE MILWAUKEE SENTINEL, Milwaukee, Wis.

Sinking Moon, <i>Alice Phelps Rider</i>	56
---	----

The Key, <i>Sam Bryan</i>	56
---------------------------------	----

Mr. Bryan was born in Washington, D. C. Educated at Leland Stanford University. Examiner on staff of Wisconsin Railway Commission. Home, Milwaukee, Wis.

Into the Sky and Sea, <i>Lindsey Hoben</i>	57
--	----

THE MILL VALLEY RECORD, Mill Valley, Calif.

Land of Beginning Again, <i>Addie M. Proctor</i>	57
--	----

Silver Sails, <i>Cristel Hastings</i>	57
---	----

The Bougainvillea, <i>Mabel W. Phillips</i>	58
---	----

THE NEW CANAAN ADVERTISER, New Canaan,
Conn.

A Revery, <i>Henrietta E. Bouton</i>	58
The Arab, <i>Herman A. Heydt</i>	60
Setting On the Jury in Vermont, <i>Daniel L. Cady</i>	61

THE NEW YORK DAILY NEWS, New York, N. Y.

The Roar of the Crowd, <i>Nick Kenny</i>	62
--	----

THE NEW YORK POST, New York, N. Y.

These Are the Old, <i>Joseph Auslander</i>	62
--	----

THE NEW YORK SUN, New York, N. Y.

A Signature, <i>Bob Davis</i>	63
Beauty Alone, <i>Katherine Washburn Harding</i>	64
Love Hath Its Pain, <i>Barbara Young</i>	63
"The Flying Fool," <i>H. I. Phillips</i>	64
To Donfarran, <i>E. Leslie Spaulding</i>	66

THE NEW YORK TELEGRAM, New York, N. Y.

Spinsterhood, <i>Anne M. Robbins</i>	66
--	----

THE NEW YORK TIMES, New York, N. Y.

Braille, <i>By a Blind Student</i>	67
On Peking Streets, <i>Louise Crenshaw Ray</i>	67
Challenge, <i>Anne Zuker</i>	68
Experience, <i>Louise Driscoll</i>	68
The Highwayman, <i>C. E. L'Ami</i>	69
The Vigil, <i>John Cook</i>	69
Lindbergh, <i>Donald Gillies</i>	70
The Battle of Princeton, <i>E. Sutton</i>	70

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE, New York, N. Y.

Armistice Day, <i>Curtis Wheeler</i>	73
Love on an Old Willow Plate, <i>Vilda Sauvage Owens</i> ..	74

THE NEW YORK WORLD, New York, N. Y.

Ruined, <i>Adele Klaer</i>	75
----------------------------------	----

THE OAKLAND TRIBUNE, Oakland, Calif.

After Decoration Day, <i>Laura Bell Everett</i>	75
A Willow Whistle, <i>Athán David Cunningham</i>	76
Prelude, <i>Bessie I. Sloan</i>	76
Epitaph, <i>A. Teresa Moore</i>	77
Mystery, <i>Alice Gertrude Pogue</i>	77
The Bluffer, <i>Athán David Cunningham</i>	77
—The Road to Ypres, <i>Archibald Watson</i>	78
To The Hills, <i>Ad. B. Schuster</i>	78
Winged Omens, <i>Minnie Faegre Knox</i>	79

THE OHIO STATE JOURNAL, Columbus, Ohio.

Le Roi Est Mort, <i>Agnes M. F. Duclaux</i>	79
---	----

THE OREGONIAN, Portland, Ore.

Just a Song at Twilight, <i>Blanche Logan O'Neil</i>	80
--	----

THE PHILADELPHIA EVENING BULLETIN,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Bugles, <i>Anna M. Flaherty</i>	80
A Memory, <i>Anne M. Robinson</i>	81
Home Lights, <i>Cora S. Day</i>	81
Lovers, <i>Rebecca Helman</i>	82
Mute Intercession, <i>Elizabeth E. Mills</i>	82
Tale of the Antiques, <i>Rachel S. Bray</i>	82
Who Lives There Now, <i>Mae Norton Morris</i>	83

THE PHILADELPHIA ENQUIRER, Philadelphia, Pa.

Men On the Barnegat, <i>Charles W. H. Bancroft</i>	84
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THE PINEVILLE SUN, Pineville, Ky.

Lettie and John, <i>H. H. Fuson</i>	84
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THE PLAINDEALER, Wichita, Kans.

My First Fish, <i>Henry Coffin Fellow</i>	85
---	----

THE PORT ARTHUR NEWS, Port Arthur, Texas.

His Ship, <i>Ethel Osborn Hill</i>	86
--	----

THE PRESBYTERIAN, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Guid Shepherd, <i>Flora Cameron Burr</i>	87
--	----

THE RIVER FALLS TIMES, River Falls, Wis.	
Greenwood, <i>Harry Noyes Pratt</i>	87
THE RUTLAND HERALD, Rutland, Vt.	
Dead Daffodils, <i>Arthur Goodenough</i>	89
How Mistress (Captain) Elijah Dewey Protected Her Home During the Battle, <i>Daniel L. Cady</i>	88
The Trail, <i>Frances Stockwell Lovell</i>	91
THE SALT LAKE TRIBUNE, Salt Lake City Utah.	
Dorothy and Lynette, <i>Maud Chegwidden</i>	90
Autumn's Grief, <i>Christie Lund</i>	91
Lynette Asleep, <i>Maud Chegwidden</i>	92
Opulence, <i>Maud Chegwidden</i>	92
THE SANTA FE NEW MEXICAN, Santa Fe, New Mex.	
To A Poet's Lady, <i>S. Omar Barker</i>	92
THE SEATTLE ARGUS, Seattle, Wash.	
"The Little Fellows," <i>Helen Emma Maring</i>	93
THE SEATTLE STAR, Seattle, Wash.	
An Old Salt Speaks, <i>Leo H. Lassen</i>	93
THE SHERIDAN JOURNAL, Sheridan, Wyo.	
Music of the Forest, <i>E. Richard Shipp</i>	94
THE SIOUX CITY JOURNAL, Sioux City, Iowa.	
Gabriele D'Annunzio, <i>Will Chamberlain</i>	95
Mother Wants You, <i>George H. Free</i>	95
THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN, Springfield, Mass.	
In Retrospect, <i>Raymond Kresensky</i>	96
Lover, <i>Anne M. Robinson</i>	96
THE SPRINGFIELD UNION, Springfield, Mass.	
'S Death!, <i>F. A. R.</i>	96
Thanksgiving Day, <i>William K. Palmer</i>	97

THE SOVEREIGN VISITOR, Omaha, Nebr.	
Mother, <i>W. E. Solomon</i> -----	98
THE STATE, Columbia, S. C.	
Sea Sorcery, <i>Ellen M. Carrol</i> -----	99
THE TAMPA MORNING TRIBUNE, Tampa, Fla.	
The Master, <i>William V. V. Stephens</i> -----	99
THE TOLEDO BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.	
The Lost Flyers—Nungesser and Coli, <i>Isabella Elling</i>	100
THE TYLER JOURNAL, Tyler, Texas.	
Memories, <i>Mary S. Fitzgerald</i> -----	101
THE VIRGINIAN-PILOT, Norfolk, Va.	
De Conjur Man, <i>John Richard Moreland</i> -----	101
Futility, <i>May Brinkley</i> -----	102
In A Summer Wood, <i>B. P. Harriss</i> -----	102
Treasures, <i>Edith Tatum</i> -----	103
THE WASHINGTON POST, Washington, D. C.	
Lindbergh and Nungesser, <i>Catherine Cate Coblentz</i> __	103
THE WASP, San Francisco, Calif.	
Anita Whitney, <i>Helen Wilde Alexander</i> -----	103
Yosemite, Mrs. <i>N. Lawrence Nelson</i> -----	104
THE WEEK, Columbus, Ohio.	
The Pioneer of the Air, <i>James Ball Naylor</i> -----	105
THE WILLIAMSPORT SUN, Williamsport, Pa.	
Boom-Boss Dinehart, <i>Clarence L. Peaslee</i> -----	106
Circles, <i>Clarence L. Peaslee</i> -----	107
His Hands, <i>John R. Moreland</i> -----	107
Love's Chalice, <i>Elizabeth Voss</i> -----	107
No Rehearsals, <i>Clarence L. Peaslee</i> -----	108
"Quid Rides!" <i>May Folwell Hoisington</i> -----	108
The Cry of Youth and Age, <i>Lottabel Bird</i> -----	108

In Otsego, <i>Clarence L. Peaslee</i>	109
"Sunset and Evening Star," <i>Mary Sinton Leitch</i>	109
A Picture, <i>Elizabeth Sanger</i>	110
Then Cherries, <i>Cornelia Brandreth</i>	110
THE WESTMINISTER TIMES, Westminister, Md.	
Thanksgiving, <i>Herbert Taylor Stephens</i>	110

BOOKS OF POEMS

The following books of verse by newspaper poets were published in 1927:

ODES OF WORSHIP AND SERVICE, *By Henry Coffin Fellow, M. A., Ph. D.* This book contains many of Dr. Fellow's best poems. The author has spent the greater part of a long and useful life on the western prairies, and his poems have a strong appeal to the people of the west. There is not a sting in any of his poems and they have that friendly tone that will make men feel better and live better. Dr. Fellow is of Quaker stock, and has spent many years in pioneer school work in western Kansas and Oklahoma. The book is bound in cloth, and should find a place in every library of poetry. Boston; The Christopher Publishing House, 1927.

SONGS OF FOUR DECADES, *By Arthur Goodenough.* The best of the author's work of forty years experience in writing poetry appears in this book. The author has been represented in the Anthology of Newspaper Verse from the first issue. His poems are beautiful word pictures of everyday subjects and appeal to the discriminating reader. Printed on high grade paper. Silk cloth and pasted labels. A beautiful specimen of bookmaking. Athol, Mass.; W. Paul Cook, Publisher, 1927.



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